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Introducing a
"NEW DIRECTION"
IN MAGAZINES...
AN ENTIRELY NOVEL AND UNIQUE KIND OF READING EXPERIENCE!

This magazine, "M.D.," is the sixth of E.C.'s "New Direction" publications. It is dedicated to Mankind's tireless and unceasing battle against disease, and to the man who fights that never-ending battle day after day after day . . . your Family Doctor . . . your M.D.

But, although the M.D. is the protagonist in this magazine, he is not necessarily the hero! The *real* hero is the man, woman, or child who enters into the M.D.'s stirring and grim world of real medicine to seek out the help and relief his wisdom and experience can give.

This, then, is the theme of "M.D." It will contain stories of *people* . . . people who are helped by their Family Doctor and his associates in the Medical Profession. It will deal frankly and honestly with the diseases and misfortunes that beset people. It will deal graphically and candidly with the treatment they receive. At times, its stories will be poignant . . . at times they will be sad . . . at times they will be grim. But at all times, they will be *true to life!*

And now, because we feel it best epitomizes the ideals of the Medical Profession, we, the editors of "M.D." offer the vow taken by all M.D.'s . . . "The Hippocratic Oath":

"I do solemnly swear, by whatever I hold most sacred, that I will be loyal to the profession of medicine and just and generous to its members; that I will lead my life and practice my art in uprightness and honor; that into whatsoever house I shall enter, it shall be for the good of the sick to the utmost of my power, holding myself far aloof from wrong, from corruption, from the tempting of others to vice; that I will exercise my art solely for the cure of my patients and will give no drug, perform no operation for a criminal purpose, even if solicited, far less suggest it; that whatsoever I shall see or hear of the lives of men which is not fitting to be spoken, I will keep inviolably secret. These things do I swear."

As is traditional at E.C., we, the editors, for this first issue, have taken over what in the future will be your space . . . your letter page in "M.D." Write us and tell us what you think. Criticize, compliment, suggest. You're our guide. We want, as always, to please you! We'll print all of your letters that we can in "The Needles" in our third issue. Thanks for listening,

The Editors
M.D.
Room 706, Dept. 1
225 Lafayette St.
New York City 12, N. Y.

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THE FIGHT FOR LIFE

THIS IS THE FACE OF MANKIND IN THE DAYS BEFORE MODERN MEDICINE. THIS IS THE FACE OF MANKIND UNTIL, PERHAPS, ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO... A FACE AGONIZED AND TERROR-STRICKEN... A DOOMED FACE... A FACE WITH THE RAVAGES OF HIDEOUS PAIN ETCHED INTO EVERY SHRIEKING FOLD AND FEATURE. THIS IS THE FACE OF MANKIND, HELPLESS BEFORE THE ONSLAUGHTS OF DISEASE AND THE SPITEFUL SABOTAGE OF HIS OWN BODY. HERE IS HUMANITY, HELPLESS TO SAVE ITSELF... HUMANITY, CRUCIFIED BY ITS OWN IGNORANCE... HUMANITY, DEHUMANIZED... HUMANITY, WAITING, SINCE THE DAWN OF CIVILIZATION, FOR *THE DOCTOR* TO APPEAR ON EARTH...

DISEASE HAS EXISTED AS LONG AS THERE HAS BEEN LIFE ON EARTH. DEATH BEGAN SIMULTANEOUSLY WITH THE BEGINNING OF LIFE. THE WEAR AND TEAR OF THE HUMAN ORGANISM... THE CHANGES IN LIVING TISSUE FROM ACCIDENT AND HURT... THE FAULTY FUNCTIONING OF ORGANS... EXPOSURE TO BACTERIA AND FOREIGN BODIES IN THE AIR ITSELF... DISTURBANCES OF THE DELICATE, METABOLIC SYSTEM SUSTAINING THE HUMAN BODY...

...*ANY* OR *ALL* OF THESE THINGS... INFECTIOUS DISEASES... PARASITIC DISEASES... ACCIDENTS... ABNORMAL ORGANIC FUNCTIONING... OLD AGE... *ALL* OF THESE RESULTED IN *AGONY!*

AND HUMANITY STOOD HELPLESS IN THE FACE OF DISEASE AND DISASTER IN THE EARLY DAWN OF MAN...

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AS SOON AS MAN DEVELOPED ENOUGH INTELLIGENCE TO DISTINGUISH METABOLIC DISEASE FROM PARASITIC INFECTION... TO INTERPRET AND DESCRIBE PAIN... AND TO WISH TO RELIEVE HIMSELF OR HIS NEIGHBOR OF AGONY, THE PRACTICE OF *MEDICINE* BEGAN IN ITS *CRUDEST FORM*...

AMONG THE EARLIEST SAVAGES, AS INDEED AMONG SAVAGES OF TODAY, DISEASE WAS LOOKED UPON AS OF SUPERNATURAL ORIGIN, ASCRIBED TO SPECIAL DEMONS... TO THE REVENGE OF DEPARTING SPIRITS OR GHOSTS... TO THE ACTIVITIES OF SLAIN ANIMALS... TO HUMANS POSSESSED OF SUPERNATURAL POWERS AND SPELL CASTING... AND TO THE WRATH OF TRIBAL GODS...

IN EARLY *GREECE*, FOR EXAMPLE, ATTEMPTS TO RID THE BODY OF DISEASE CONSISTED OF *MAKING SACRIFICES* TO *APPEASE* THE *OFFENDED DIETY*...

AMONG PRIMITIVE *WEST INDIAN* NATIVES, FOR EXAMPLE, DISEASE WAS CONSIDERED AN *INVASION* OF THE BODY BY *DEMONS*. THE PROPER TREATMENT LAY IN MAKING THE BODY AS *UNPLEASANT* AN ABODE AS *POSSIBLE* FOR THE DEVILS. THIS WAS ACCOMPLISHED BY *STARVING*, *BEATING*, AND *TORTURING* THE *SICK VICTIM*...

SUPERSTITION... SPIRITUALISM... THE BELIEF IN SUPERNATURAL CAUSES RESULTED IN VAIN SACRIFICES AND GROTESQUE RITUALS WHICH MORE OFTEN *KILLED* A MAN THAN *SAVED* HIM. THE ANCIENT POLYNESIANS, FOR INSTANCE, ACTUALLY *OPENED* THE BODY TO *LET OUT* THESE DEMONS...

IN EGYPT, ABOUT 3000 B.C., SO-CALLED "PHYSICIANS" HAD AN EFFECTIVE SUBSTITUTE FOR ASPIRINS... AN OPERATION ON THE SKULL... TREPANNING... THE PUNCHING OF A HOLE... THROUGH TO THE BRAIN...

IGNORANCE WAS "KNOWLEDGE". SUPERSTITION WAS "CURE".

THIS WILL CURE HIM...THE *HEADS* AND *WINGS* OF *FIVE LARGE BEETLES*... *BOILED* IN *OIL*...*ROLLED* IN *SERPENT'S FAT*...THEN *WARMED* IN *SWINE'S BLOOD* FOR TWO DAYS...THE BREW STIRRED WITH THE *JAWBONE* OF AN *ASS!* MAKE HIM *DRINK IT!*

SINCE THE GREEKS AND ROMANS HAD DIFFERENT GODS AND GODDESSES FOR EVERY PHASE OF THEIR EXISTENCE, IT WAS ONLY NATURAL THAT THEY WOULD HAVE A GOD OF MEDICINE. HE WAS CALLED *ASKLEPIOS*...

STRANGE! ALL WHO *COME* TO THE TEMPLE OF ASKLEPIOS HOPE TO REGAIN THEIR HEALTH THROUGH *PRAYER* AND *SACRIFICE*...YET *NONE* ARE *CURED!*

THAT IS WHY I WILL *SLEEP* BEFORE HIS ALTAR TONIGHT! PERHAPS THE KNOWLEDGE NECESSARY TO REGAIN MY HEALTH WILL COME TO ME IN A *DREAM!*

NOT ONLY DID DISEASE STRIKE OFTEN AND SWIFTLY, BUT CONTAGION SPREAD LIKE WILDFIRE. THERE WAS NO *CHECKING* A *PLAGUE* ONCE IT *BEGAN*...

RUN, MY HUSBAND! *RUN!* THE PLAGUE HAS OVERTAKEN OUR CITY! *RUN!*

THE DISEASE IS *EVERYWHERE!* IT RUNS *SWIFTER*, EVEN, THAN OUR *LEGS!*

PLAGUES RAN SWIFTLY, *YES!* THOSE WHO *FLED* THE DISEASE ONLY SUCCEEDED IN *SPREADING IT*...

IT IS *FOOLISH* TO FLEE FURTHER! THEY WHO ARE *ANGRY* WITH US WILL *FIND US*...*WHEREVER* WE GO!

REPENT, SINNERS! GATHER IN THE *TEMPLE!* PRAY TO THE *GODS*...BEFORE IT IS *TOO LATE!*

SO MANKIND PRAYED TO HIS GODS AND REPENTED FOR HIS SINS. BUT *STILL* THE DEAD PILED UP... EVEN *IN* HIS TEMPLES...

THE GREAT PESTILENCES MENTIONED IN THE BIBLE...THE PLAGUE OF LONDON...THE OUTBREAK OF EPIDEMICS IN THE FAR EAST...ALL THESE RESULTED IN THE DEATHS OF MILLIONS UPON MILLIONS OF HUMAN BEINGS...

IN 460 B.C., THE FORTUNES OF MANKIND MATERIALLY ADVANCED WITH THE APPEARANCE OF HIPPOCRATES, THE SON OF A GREEK PHYSICIAN. HIPPOCRATES WAS THE FIRST DIAGNOSTICIAN...

WE MUST *STUDY* DISEASE BY ITS *SYMPTOMS!* DISEASE DOES *NOT* COME FROM *SUPERNATURAL FORCES!* IT COMES FROM *NATURAL CAUSES*... FROM THE *BODY ITSELF!* WE MUST *DISSECT* THE HUMAN BODY AND *UNDERSTAND IT* IN ORDER TO UNDERSTAND ITS *ILLNESSES*...

IT WAS A BEGINNING.. HIPPOCRATES' REVOLUTIONARY FINDINGS AND THE GREAT ANATOMICAL DISCOVERIES OF LATER THINKERS LIKE GALAN, ROMAN MEDICAL GENIUS, IN 130 A.D., OPENED A NEW DOOR... THE DOOR TO RESEARCH AND DISCOVERY. OF COURSE, THERE WERE MISTAKES...

THE *ANCIENTS* WERE *FOOLS!* *AIR* DOES NOT PASS THROUGH THE ARTERIES! I, *GALAN*, TELL YOU THAT THE *HEART* IS A *FURNACE* FROM WHICH *HEAT* PASSES VIA THE ARTERIES TO EVERY CORNER OF THE BODY...

BUT NO SOONER HAD SCIENTIFIC PROGRESS TAKEN A FEW WEAK FORWARD STEPS THAN IT WAS HALTED. THE DARK AGES DESCENDED UPON MANKIND. SINCE EXISTENCE ON *THIS* EARTH WAS OF LITTLE IMPORTANCE, NEITHER WERE THE *ILLS* OF THIS EARTH...

ALL THAT *COUNTS* IS *LIFE AFTER DEATH!* *PREPARE FOR IT!* LIVE NOT A *SELFISH EXISTENCE!* *CARE* NOT THAT YOU LIVE IN *POVERTY* AND *FILTH!* GOODNESS AND FAITH WILL BE *REWARDED*... WITH *ETERNAL LIFE*...

FOR 1,300 YEARS... UNTIL THE ADVENT OF PARACELSUS, VESALIUS, AND HARVEY... MEDICAL KNOWLEDGE STOOD STILL. MANKIND LOOKED TO WITCHCRAFT AND SUPERSTITION FOR SUCCOR...

BUT *WHAT* IF YOUR BREW OF LIZARD'S TONGUES, GRASSHOPPER WINGS, AND SNAKES' EYES DOES *NOT* EASE MY FATHER'S PAIN?

THEN HE IS POSSESSED OF *MORE* DEMONS THAN MY MAGIC CAN *EXORCISE!* HE IS *BEYOND* CURE!

THIS WAS MANKIND, THEN... UNTIL ONLY A CENTURY AGO. *BEYOND CURE!* THE HISTORY BOOKS RING WITH THE HEROIC DEEDS OF GALLANT WARRIORS WHO DID BATTLE...

DOWN WITH THE TYRANTS! CUT THE DEVILS TO RIBBONS!

BUT THE HISTORY BOOKS DO *NOT* RING WITH THE SHRIEKS OF THE WOUNDED AND DYING ON THE NIGHT *FOLLOWING* THESE BATTLES. HISTORY DOES NOT *RECORD* THE *SCREAMS* OF THE *MAIMED* AND *UNATTENDED*...

WATER...

H-HELP ME! I... I CANNOT *MOVE!*

I...I *BLEED!* *SOMEBODY! STOP IT!*

SOB... SOB...

FROM THERMOPOLAE TO GETTYSBURG, MANKIND *REMAINED* IN *AGONY!* *LUCKY* WAS THE SOLDIER WHO *ESCAPED* THE SWORD AND BULLET! *WOE* TO THE HERO WHO *FELL*...

SUCH HOSPITALS AS THERE *WERE* TURNED OUT TO BE NO BETTER THAN *CHARNAL HOUSES!* EVEN IN THE ERA OF *FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE*, A WAR HOSPITAL WAS WHERE A SOLDIER DIED OF NEGLECT... DISEASE ...OR SURGICAL BUTCHERY...

WHAT *ELSE* COULD YOU CALL AN 18TH CENTURY OPERATION BUT *BUTCHERY*... WHEN A MAN'S BELLY OR FACE WAS CUT OPEN *WITHOUT ANAESTHETIC*... *WITHOUT DISINFECTANT*... *WITHOUT* THE SURGEON EVEN ACTUALLY *KNOWING* WHAT HE WAS *OPERATING FOR?*...

AMPUTATION WITHOUT DRUGS! OPERATION WITHOUT MERCY! IN TRUTH, THE HISTORY OF MANKIND *HAS* BEEN A HISTORY OF *PAIN*...

AND WHAT OF THE *MENTALLY* ILL? THE DERANGED WERE CONSIDERED POSSESSED OF THE *DEVIL!* THEY WERE PUT TO *DEATH*... *BURNED*... *HANGED*... OR DOOMED TO SUFFER THEIR LIVES OUT IN *CHAINS*... IN *SOLITUDE*... IN *FILTH*... *BEATEN* AND *STARVED*...

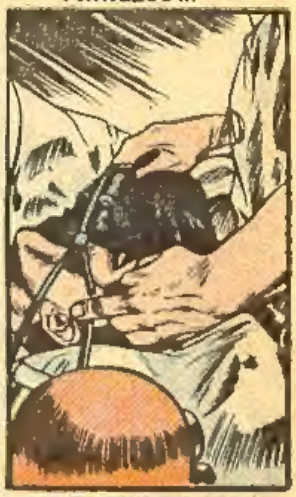
A MAN'S LIFESPAN WAS *SHORT!* THE ROMAN LIVED TO 31! THE AVERAGE ELIZABETHAN, TILL 27! THAT IS, IF THEY SURVIVED *CHILDBIRTH!* TILL THE LAST FEW CENTURIES, 70% OF ALL *BABIES* AND 40% OF ALL *MOTHERS* DIED IN CHILDBIRTH...

THIS THEN *WAS* HUMANITY... *HELPLESS* AGAINST DISEASE ...*VULNERABLE* TO ALL OF THE RAVAGES OF NATURE... *HUMANITY IN AGONY!* UNTIL *BOYLE*, AND *PASTEUR*, AND *LISTER*, AND *HALLER*, AND *JENNER*, AND *HUNTER*, AND *KOCH*, AND *MORTON*, AND *ERLICH*, AND A HOST OF *OTHERS*...

THE *MODERN* SOLDIER, WOUNDED ON THE FIELD OF BATTLE TODAY, IS *FAR* FROM DOOMED! HIS *AGONY* IS *BRIEF! BLOOD* COMES TO HIM IN *BOTTLES*... RELIEF FROM *PAIN* IN *HYPOS*... *ANTISEPTICS* IN *POWDERS*...

HE IS FLOWN WITHIN *HOURS* TO A MODERN HOSPITAL IF *SURGERY* IS NEEDED...

THE DISCOVERY OF *ANAESTHETICS* HAS MADE *OPERATIONS* AND *POST-OPERATIVE* DISCOMFORT ALMOST *PAINLESS*...



THE SHELVES OF OUR MODERN HOSPITALS AND PHARMACIES ARE *CRAMMED* WITH PILLS, TABLETS, RESTORATIVES, ANODYNES, CURATIVES, REMEDIES, TONICS... MEDICINES NUMBERING INTO THE *MILLIONS*...

THE SEARCH FOR *NEW DRUGS*... THE DISCOVERIES OF *NEW CURES* GOES *ON*... RELENTLESSLY... TIRELESSLY... AND SUCCESSFULLY, 24 HOURS A DAY...

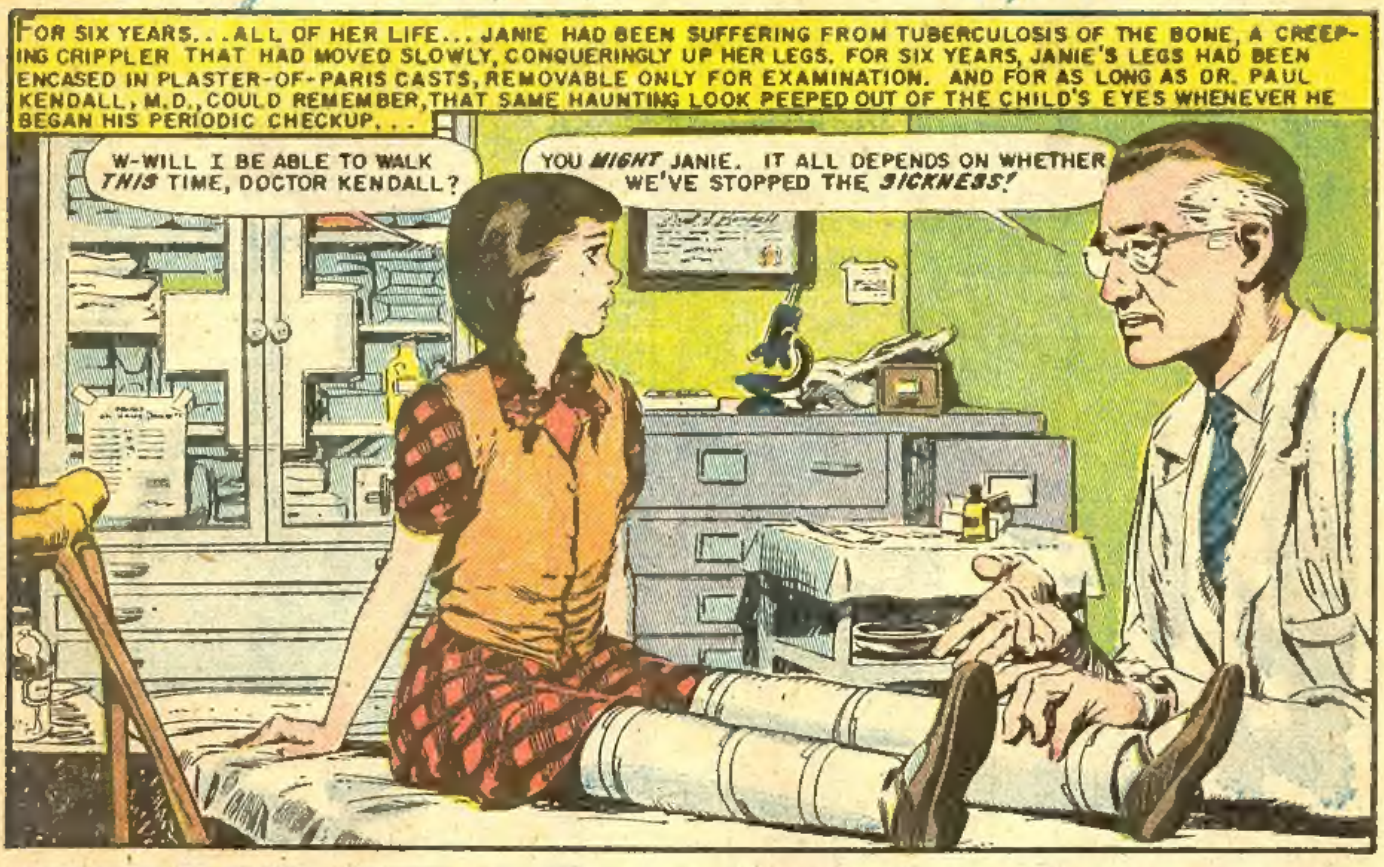
SO THAT *THIS*, THEN, IS THE FACE OF *MODERN MANKIND* IN THE AGE OF *MODERN MEDICINE*... A *SMILING*... *COMFORTED*... *TRUSTING*... *HOPEFUL* FACE...

AND THE MAN *RESPONSIBLE* FOR HUMANITY'S CONFIDENCE AND TRUST IS THE MAN WHO *CARRIES WITH HIM* THE *MEDICAL KNOWLEDGE LEARNED FROM CENTURIES UPON CENTURIES OF HUMANITY'S AGONY AND SUFFERING*... KNOWLEGE EMBODIED IN THE *TWO INITIALS* THAT *FOLLOW HIS NAME*... YOUR *M.D.*...

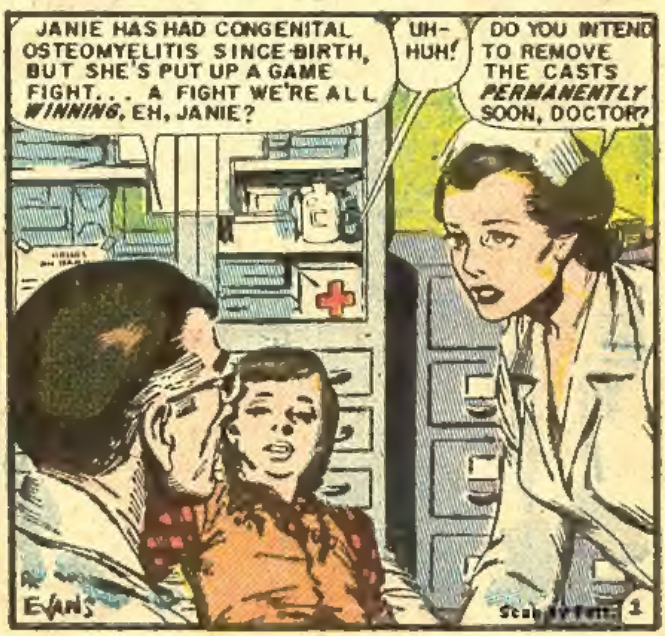
THE END.

JANIE SOME DAY

DIAGNOSIS: Congenital Osteomyelitis PROCEDURE: Amputation "I"


FOR SIX YEARS...ALL OF HER LIFE... JANIE HAD BEEN SUFFERING FROM TUBERCULOSIS OF THE BONE, A CREEPING CRIPPLER THAT HAD MOVED SLOWLY, CONQUERINGLY UP HER LEGS. FOR SIX YEARS, JANIE'S LEGS HAD BEEN ENCASED IN PLASTER-OF-PARIS CASTS, REMOVABLE ONLY FOR EXAMINATION. AND FOR AS LONG AS DR. PAUL KENDALL, M.D., COULD REMEMBER, THAT SAME HAUNTING LOOK PEEPED OUT OF THE CHILD'S EYES WHENEVER HE BEGAN HIS PERIODIC CHECKUP...
W-WILL I BE ABLE TO WALK *THIS* TIME, DOCTOR KENDALL?
YOU *MIGHT* JANIE. IT ALL DEPENDS ON WHETHER WE'VE STOPPED THE *SICKNESS!*

DARN OLD SICKNESS! DOESN'T IT *EVER* WANT TO GET STOPPED?
SICKNESSES DON'T *CARE*, JANIE. ONLY *HUMAN BEINGS* CARE! *WE* WANT THE SICKNESS STOPPED SO *WE TRY* TO STOP IT! ER... MISS EMORY, THIS IS THE FIRST TIME YOU'VE SEEN JANIE SO I'LL REVIEW HER CASE...


JANIE HAS HAD CONGENITAL OSTEOMYELITIS SINCE BIRTH, BUT SHE'S PUT UP A GAME FIGHT... A FIGHT WE'RE ALL *WINNING*, EH, JANIE?
UH-HUH!
DO YOU INTEND TO REMOVE THE CASTS *PERMANENTLY* SOON, DOCTOR?
EVANS

AS SOON AS WE *CAN*, MISS EMORY. JANIE *KNOWS* IT WON'T BE LONG NOW... ESPECIALLY FOR HER *LEFT* LEG. THAT CAST MIGHT EVEN COME OFF FOR GOOD *TODAY!* I'LL BET THE OTHER KIDS WOULD BE *SURPRISED* IF YOU WALKED OUT OF HERE WITH JUST *ONE CAST*, EH, JANIE?
GOLLY! *WOULD* THEY! *WILL* MY CAST COME OFF TODAY, DOCTOR?

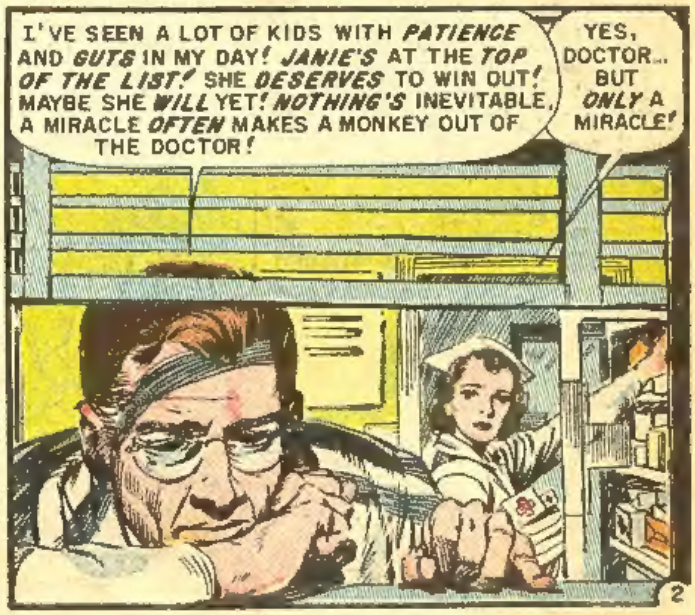
HMMM! *YES!* IT MOST *CERTAINLY WILL!* THE INFECTION'S *COMPLETELY DISAPPEARED!* IT WAS GONE *TWO MONTHS* AGO! I WANTED TO BE ABSOLUTELY *SURE!*
GOSH! I... I CAN'T *BELIEVE* IT! I'LL BE ABLE TO *WALK* ON IT, WON'T I? WITHOUT A *CRUTCH!!*

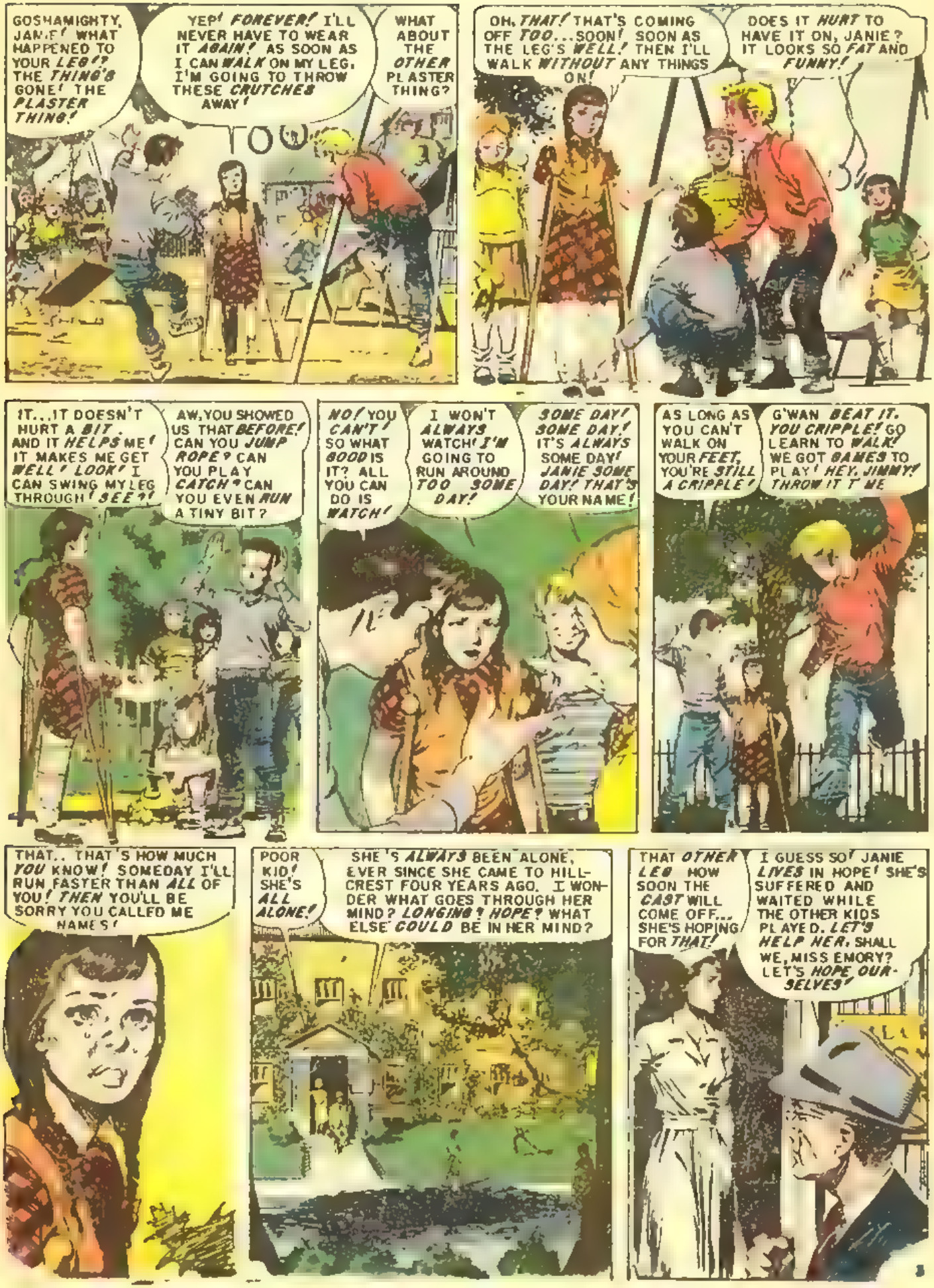
YOU *WILL*, JANIE... WHEN YOU GET *USED* TO IT! BUT THIS *OTHER* LEG... IT'S GOING TO TAKE SOME TIME! THE INFECTION'S STILL THERE! IT'S STILL OOZING! *STERILE COTTON*, MISS EMORY...

LATER...
WELL, JANIE... YOU'VE GOT *HALF* THE BATTLE *WON!* AND YOU'VE DONE IT *ALONE!* KEEP YOUR CHIN UP AND YOU'LL *FINISH* THE JOB!
YOU MEAN MY *OTHER* LEG WILL BE ALL BETTER SOON?

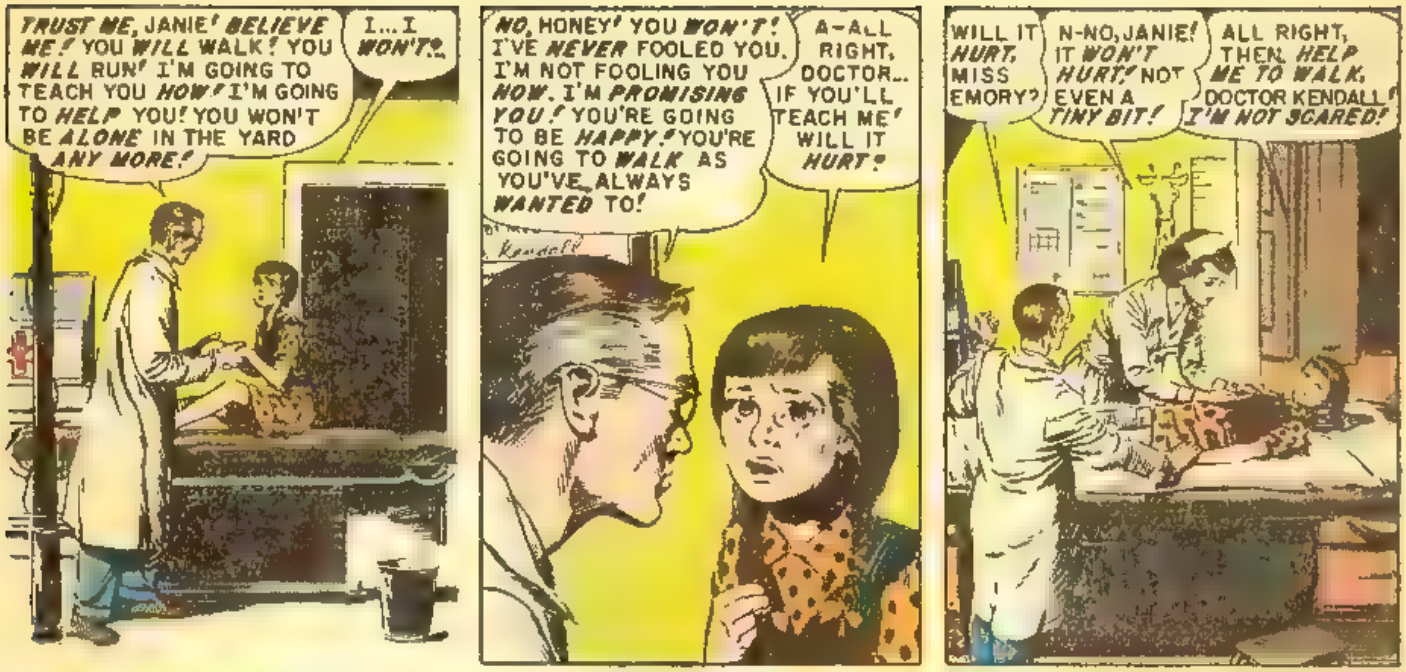
NOT *EXACTLY*, HONEY. NOT *SOON*, I MEAN! THE INFECTION'S THERE... AND IT'S BAD! BUT... MAYBE WE'LL *LICK IT* LIKE WE *DID* WITH THE OTHER LEG!
WE *WILL!* I *KNOW* WE WILL! S'LONG, DOCTOR KENDALL! I WANT TO SHOW MY LEG TO THE OTHER KIDS. THEY'VE NEVER *SEEN* MY LEG... MY *BARE LEG!*

I DON'T KNOW *TOO* MUCH ABOUT CONGENITAL OSTEO, DOCTOR... BUT EVEN *I* CAN SEE THAT THE OTHER LEG ISN'T COMING AROUND! ALL THAT PUSS YOU DRAINED FROM THE SHIN BONE INCISION...
I *KNOW*, MISS EMORY! THE LEG IS *WORSE!* THE INFECTION'S MOVING FURTHER *UP* THE LEG! BUT, *CAN I TELL JANIE THAT?*

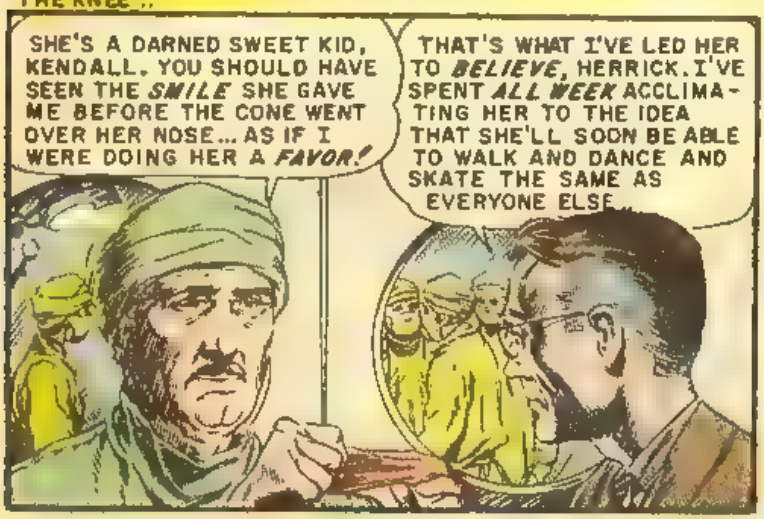

I'VE SEEN A LOT OF KIDS WITH *PATIENCE* AND *GUTS* IN MY DAY! *JANIE'S* AT THE *TOP OF THE LIST!* SHE *DESERVES* TO WIN OUT! MAYBE SHE *WILL* YET! *NOTHING'S* INEVITABLE. A MIRACLE *OFTEN* MAKES A MONKEY OUT OF THE DOCTOR!
YES, DOCTOR... BUT *ONLY* A MIRACLE!

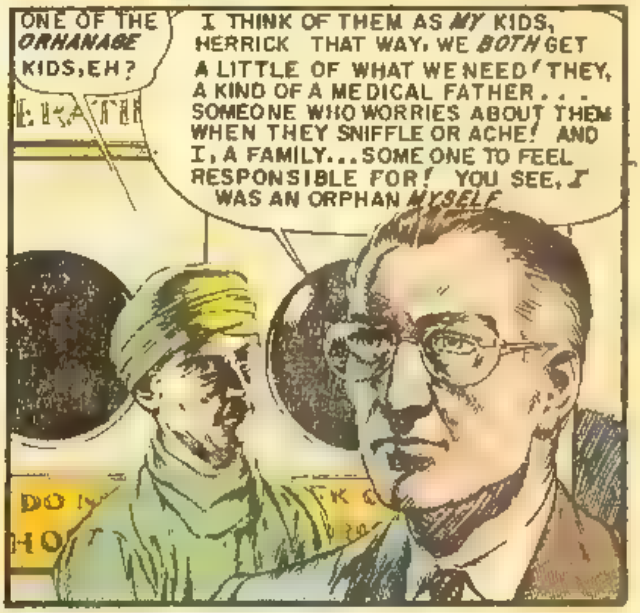

GOSHAMIGHTY, JANIE! WHAT HAPPENED TO YOUR LEG!? THE THING'S GONE! THE PLASTER THING!
YEP! FOREVER! I'LL NEVER HAVE TO WEAR IT AGAIN! AS SOON AS I CAN WALK ON MY LEG, I'M GOING TO THROW THESE CRUTCHES AWAY!
WHAT ABOUT THE OTHER PLASTER THING?
OH, THAT! THAT'S COMING OFF TOO...SOON! SOON AS THE LEG'S WELL! THEN I'LL WALK WITHOUT ANY THINGS ON!
DOES IT HURT TO HAVE IT ON, JANIE? IT LOOKS SO FAT AND FUNNY!
IT...IT DOESN'T HURT A BIT. AND IT HELPS ME! IT MAKES ME GET WELL! LOOK! I CAN SWING MY LEG THROUGH! SEE?!
AW, YOU SHOWED US THAT BEFORE! CAN YOU JUMP ROPE? CAN YOU PLAY CATCH? CAN YOU EVEN RUN A TINY BIT?
NO! YOU CAN'T! SO WHAT GOOD IS IT? ALL YOU CAN DO IS WATCH!
I WON'T ALWAYS WATCH! I'M GOING TO RUN AROUND TOO SOME DAY!
SOME DAY! SOME DAY! IT'S ALWAYS SOME DAY! JANIE SOME DAY! THAT'S YOUR NAME!
AS LONG AS YOU CAN'T WALK ON YOUR FEET, YOU'RE STILL A CRIPPLE!
G'WAN BEAT IT. YOU CRIPPLE! GO LEARN TO WALK! WE GOT GAMES TO PLAY! HEY, JIMMY! THROW IT T' ME
THAT.. THAT'S HOW MUCH YOU KNOW! SOMEDAY I'LL RUN FASTER THAN ALL OF YOU! THEN YOU'LL BE SORRY YOU CALLED ME NAMES!
POOR KID! SHE'S ALL ALONE!
SHE'S ALWAYS BEEN ALONE, EVER SINCE SHE CAME TO HILLCREST FOUR YEARS AGO. I WONDER WHAT GOES THROUGH HER MIND? LONGING? HOPE? WHAT ELSE COULD BE IN HER MIND?
THAT OTHER LEG HOW SOON THE CAST WILL COME OFF... SHE'S HOPING FOR THAT!
I GUESS SO! JANIE LIVES IN HOPE! SHE'S SUFFERED AND WAITED WHILE THE OTHER KIDS PLAYED. LET'S HELP HER, SHALL WE, MISS EMORY? LET'S HOPE OURSELVES!

AT THE NEXT PERIODIC CHECK-UP...
DOES IT LOOK *BETTER*, DOCTOR KENDALL? IS THE CAST GOING TO COME *OFF*?
NOT *YET*, JANIE! IT DOESN'T LOOK *WELL ENOUGH* YET! ER MISS EMORY
I KNOW, DOCTOR! *STERILE COTTON*.
TWO MONTHS LATER
STERILE COTTON, MISS EMORY.
FOUR MONTHS LATER.
STERILE COTTON, MISS EMORY.
SIX MONTHS LATER.
STERILE COTTON, DOCTOR?
NO! NO MORE COTTON! BANDAGE THE LEG PLEASE, MISS EMORY!
YOU'RE..YOU'RE NOT PUTTING THE *CAST* BACK ON, DOCTOR? I...I DON'T HAVE TO *WEAR* IT ANY MORE?
NO, JANIE YOU DON'T HAVE TO WEAR IT. *ANY MORE*...
THEN IT'S LIKE YOU *PROMISED*! YOU *SAID* THE OTHER CAST WOULD COME OFF! YOU *SAID* I'D BE ABLE TO WALK!
THAT'S *RIGHT*, JANIE! YOU *WILL* BE ABLE TO WALK!
BUT NOT WITH THIS LEG!
N-NOT...WITH *THIS* LEG?! I...I...
NO, HONEY! WITH *ANOTHER* LEG! A LEG *MUCH BETTER* THAN THIS ONE! TRY TO UNDERSTAND. THE *DISEASE* IN THIS LEG..THE *GERM*...*WON'T STOP!* IT'S CREPT *HIGHER* AND *HIGHER!* WE CAN'T STOP IT ANY MORE BY SCRAPING THE BONE!
SO THERE'S ONLY *ONE WAY* TO STOP IT! A *GOOD WAY!* WE'RE..WE'RE GOING TO *TAKE AWAY* THIS SICK DISEASED LEG AND GIVE YOU A *NEW LEG!* A LEG NO DISEASE CAN CREEP INTO! A LEG THAT WILL LET YOU *WALK*..YES, EVEN *RUN!* I *PROMISE* YOU THAT, JANIE
BUT IF IT ISN'T *M-MY* LEG HOW CAN I *RUN* ON IT?

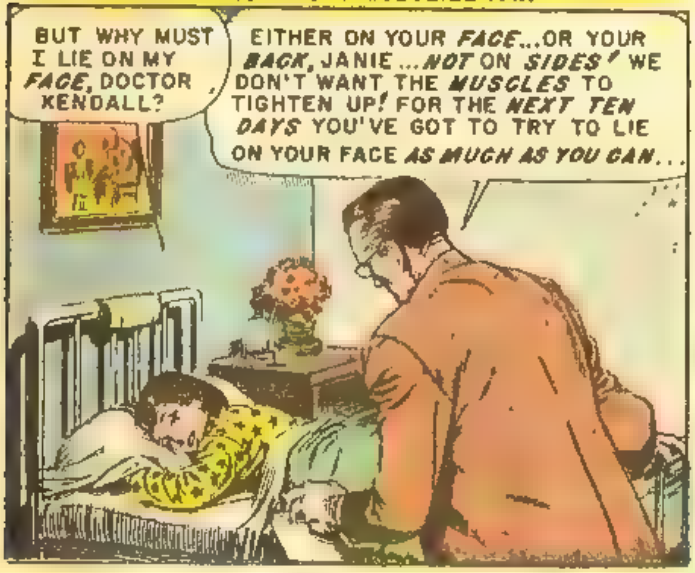

TRUST ME, JANIE! BELIEVE ME! YOU WILL WALK! YOU WILL RUN! I'M GOING TO TEACH YOU HOW! I'M GOING TO HELP YOU! YOU WON'T BE ALONE IN THE YARD ANY MORE!
I...I WON'T?..
NO, HONEY! YOU WON'T! I'VE NEVER FOOLED YOU. I'M NOT FOOLING YOU NOW. I'M PROMISING YOU! YOU'RE GOING TO BE HAPPY! YOU'RE GOING TO WALK AS YOU'VE ALWAYS WANTED TO!
A-ALL RIGHT, DOCTOR... IF YOU'LL TEACH ME! WILL IT HURT?
WILL IT HURT, MISS EMORY?
N-NO, JANIE! IT WON'T HURT! NOT EVEN A TINY BIT!
ALL RIGHT, THEN. HELP ME TO WALK, DOCTOR KENDALL! I'M NOT SCARED!

ONE WEEK LATER, JANIE WAS REMOVED FROM THE HILLCREST ORPHAN ASYLUM TO THE COUNTY HOSPITAL. THERE, DR. EMILE HERRICK, SURGEON, AMPUTATED HER RIGHT LEG JUST ABOVE THE KNEE..

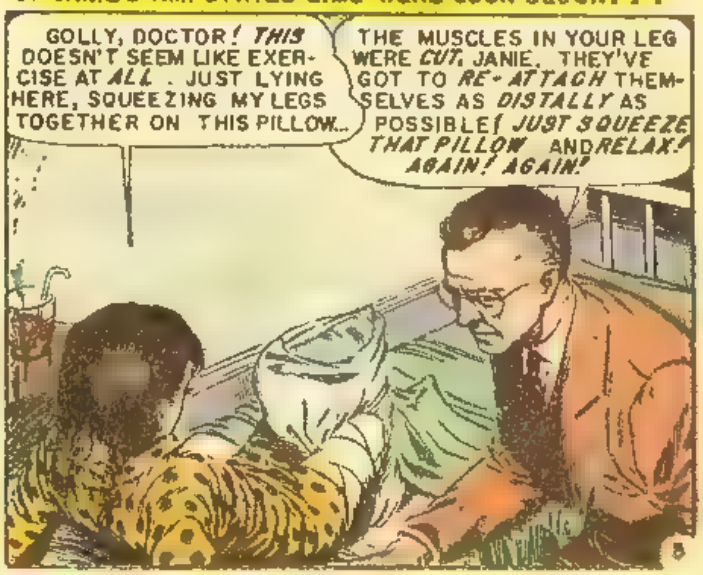

SHE'S A DARNED SWEET KID, KENDALL. YOU SHOULD HAVE SEEN THE SMILE SHE GAVE ME BEFORE THE CONE WENT OVER HER NOSE... AS IF I WERE DOING HER A FAVOR!
THAT'S WHAT I'VE LED HER TO BELIEVE, HERRICK. I'VE SPENT ALL WEEK ACCLIMATING HER TO THE IDEA THAT SHE'LL SOON BE ABLE TO WALK AND DANCE AND SKATE THE SAME AS EVERYONE ELSE.


ONE OF THE ORPHANAGE KIDS, EH?
I THINK OF THEM AS MY KIDS, HERRICK THAT WAY, WE BOTH GET A LITTLE OF WHAT WE NEED! THEY, A KIND OF A MEDICAL FATHER... SOMEONE WHO WORRIES ABOUT THEM WHEN THEY SNIFFLE OR ACHE! AND I, A FAMILY... SOMEONE TO FEEL RESPONSIBLE FOR! YOU SEE, I WAS AN ORPHAN MYSELF

THE STUMP OF JANIE'S RIGHT LEG WAS IMMEDIATELY PLACED IN TRACTION TO IMMOBILIZE IT...


BUT WHY MUST I LIE ON MY FACE, DOCTOR KENDALL?
EITHER ON YOUR FACE...OR YOUR BACK, JANIE... NOT ON SIDES! WE DON'T WANT THE MUSCLES TO TIGHTEN UP! FOR THE NEXT TEN DAYS YOU'VE GOT TO TRY TO LIE ON YOUR FACE AS MUCH AS YOU CAN...

EXERCISES FOR INCREASING THE RANGE AND STRENGTH OF JANIE'S AMPUTATED LIMB WERE SOON BEGUN...


GOLLY, DOCTOR! THIS DOESN'T SEEM LIKE EXERCISE AT ALL. JUST LYING HERE, SQUEEZING MY LEGS TOGETHER ON THIS PILLOW...
THE MUSCLES IN YOUR LEG WERE CUT, JANIE. THEY'VE GOT TO RE-ATTACH THEMSELVES AS DISTALLY AS POSSIBLE! JUST SQUEEZE THAT PILLOW AND RELAX! AGAIN! AGAIN!

TRACTION WAS REMOVED AND BANDAGING OF THE STUMP BEGAN ON THE TENTH POST-OPERATIVE DAY...

BUT, WHY?! THEY'RE ALWAYS BANDAGING ME! BANDAGING AND BANDAGING!
THEY HAVE TO DO THAT, JANIE. AND FOR A LONG TIME TO COME! IT SPEEDS UP THE SHRINKAGE OF THE FATTY TISSUE AND PREVENTS EDEMA! THEN YOUR NEW LEG WILL FIT NICE AND CLOSE AND TIGHT...

ON THE FOURTEENTH DAY, JANIE'S GAIT TRAINING BEGAN..

JANIE'S DOING FINE WITH HER GAIT TRAINING, DOCTOR. SHE USES THE RAILS AND CRUTCHES LIKE A VETERAN
SHE IS A VETERAN, MISS PEABODY!

RESISTIVE STUMP EXERCISES WERE BEGUN AFTER THE THIRD WEEK...

FOUR WEEKS AFTER HER OPERATION, JANIE WAS DISCHARGED FROM THE HOSPITAL...

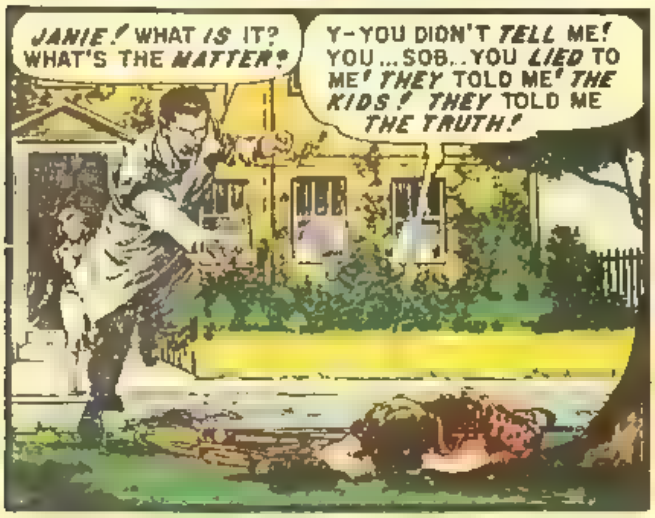
BUT I-I THOUGHT WHEN I CAME HOME I'D HAVE MY NEW LEG! WHEN THE KIDS SEE ME...
TELL THEM IT'S COMING! IT IS, JANIE ONLY YOU NEED MORE BANDAGING AND EXERCISE BEFORE YOU CAN BE FITTED!

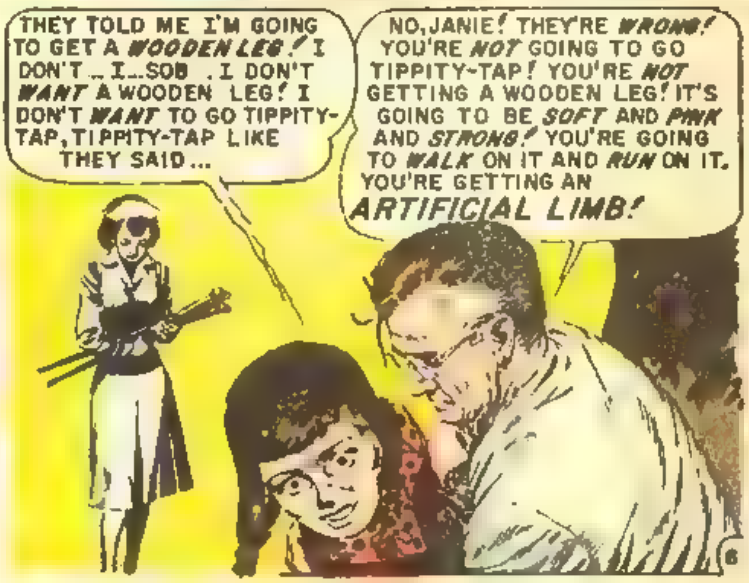
WHEN JANIE AND DR. KENDALL CAME THROUGH THE ORPHANAGE GATES.

LOOK, DOCTOR! THEY'RE THEY'RE ALL STARING AT ME!
GO AHEAD, JANIE! TELL THEM ALL ABOUT WHAT HAPPENED TO YOU IN THE HOSPITAL. TELL THEM ABOUT THE NEW LEG THAT'S COMING

BUT TEN MINUTES LATER...

JANIE WAS LYING ON THE GROUND SOBBING. THE OTHER CHILDREN WERE NOWHERE TO BE SEEN...




THEY TOLD ME I'M GOING TO GET A WOODEN LEG! I DON'T .. I... SOB . I DON'T WANT A WOODEN LEG! I DON'T WANT TO GO TIPPITY-TAP, TIPPITY-TAP LIKE THEY SAID...
NO, JANIE! THEY'RE WRONG! YOU'RE NOT GOING TO GO TIPPITY-TAP! YOU'RE NOT GETTING A WOODEN LEG! IT'S GOING TO BE SOFT AND PINK AND STRONG! YOU'RE GOING TO WALK ON IT AND RUN ON IT. YOU'RE GETTING AN ARTIFICIAL LIMB!

ONE MONTH LATER, A PROSTHETIST MEASURED JANIE FOR HER NEW LEG...

HER STUMP HAS POWER AND RANGE AND GOOD SHAPE, DOCTOR KENDALL. SHE SHOULDN'T HAVE TOO MUCH TROUBLE! YET SHE KEEPS OBJECTING TO THE IDEA!

I WONDER IF YOU'D DO ME A FAVOR.. YOU KNOW!

OH, OF COURSE! JANIE! LOOK! THIS IS WHAT YOUR NEW LEG IS GOING TO LOOK LIKE!

YOU MEAN... YOU THIS!?

THAT'S, RIGHT, JANIE! IT'S NOT A REAL LEG! YES, I WEAR ONE, TOO!

BUT IT... IT LOOKS ALMOST REAL! IT'S NOT WOODEN!

OF COURSE IT'S NOT WOODEN, JANIE! IT'S... ARTIFICIAL!

THREE WEEKS LATER, JANIE'S PROSTHESIS ..HER NEW ARTIFICIAL LIMB...WAS FINISHED.

THE LIMB IS FITTED UP TO THE GROIN... FASTENED BY A BELT AROUND THE WAIST. A SINGLE BUCKLE, ATTATCHED TO THE BELT, HOLDS IT ON!

WELL, JANIE! YOU'VE GOT IT! NOW YOU'VE GOT TO LEARN TO USE IT. HOLD ON TO THE BARS! KEEP YOUR FEET FIVE INCHES APART! SHIFT YOUR WEIGHT FROM ONE FOOT TO THE OTHER! WATCH YOURSELF IN THE MIRROR!

JANIE'S PROSTHETIC TRAINING BEGAN. SHE LEARNED TO BALANCE.. THEN TO WALK...THEN TO SIT... STAND... FALL. AND GET UP. SHE CONQUERED INCLINES AND STAIRS.

AND FINALLY...ONE DAY..

ALL RIGHT, JANIE! SHOW THE OTHER KIDS WHAT YOU CAN DO!

...JANE WALKED PROUDLY OUT INTO THE SUNLIGHT OF THE ORPHANAGE YARD...

LOOK! IT'S JANIE! SHE'S WALKING! SHE'S GOT TWO LEGS!

...AS DR. KENDALL AND MISS EMORY BLINKED BACK TEARS..

GEE! YOU'RE NOT A CRIPPLE ANY MORE, JANIE!

HERE, JANIE! CATCH.

THE END..

THE PAIN KILLER

A burly New York City police officer broke in the door to a dingy furnished room in a dismal tenement house on July 15, 1868 and looked down at the shabbily clad man sprawled on the rumpled bed. The officer did not know that he was gazing at the dead body of the man who had contributed much to the development of surgery and the humanitarian task of easing pain.

One could scarcely blame the policeman. The victim was a bearded fifty year old man who resembled any of the numerous derelicts living in this slum area. There was nothing to indicate that he was a professional man, a dentist, once highly respected in his profession. Nor was there any clue that this unknown had, some twenty two years earlier, conducted the first successful demonstration of ether as an anesthetic in major surgery.

The dead man was William Thomas Green Morton who had been a successful dentist in Boston, Massachusetts, when he turned to the search for some method to deaden the excrutiating pain endured by his patients as he worked on their teeth. Experiment and discussion with Dr. Charles T. Jackson, a noted Boston chemist, convinced the 27 year old Morton that sulphuric ether was the answer to his quest. He submitted to numerous ether inhalations, rendering himself unconscious. At last, fully satisfied that ether was an effective pain killer, he used it successfully in a tooth extraction on September 30, 1846.

Jubilant over the results of this pioneer effort, Morton persuaded Dr. J. C. Warren, chief surgeon of Massachusetts General Hospital, to permit him to publicly administer ether for a surgical operation which Warren was scheduled to perform. The surgeon reluctantly agreed and invitations were sent out to the medical profession in Boston. The cynical doctors, who regarded Morton as a charlatan, packed the operating room of the hospital on October 16, 1846. Until that momentous day, surgery was little better than refined butchery and torture. The patient's screams of agony were stifled by a gag and half a dozen strong men held the writhing patient on the table while the surgeons slashed through sinew, bone, muscle and nerve. Most operations were fatal and there was no such thing as minor surgery.

But on that day, the face of medicine was changed forever. The scoffers watched the patient fall into a deep sleep. The operation was done quickly, quietly and efficiently. Those who had sneered at Morton now cheered him. Ether was soon in common use and the modern era of surgery began.

For Morton, however, there was no reward. He had made powerful enemies because he had shown up some of the most important medical men of the period. They constantly harassed him. They claimed he had stolen his discovery. A sensitive man, Morton succumbed to these slanders. He slipped into obscurity and died penniless in New York City, a heartbroken man, while others reaped the financial success that was due him.

TO FILL THE BILL

DIAGNOSIS: *Tracheal Obstruction* PROCEDURE: *Emergency Tracheotomy*

QUESTION: WHAT MAN IS ALWAYS *FIRST* TO BE *CALLED*... YET VERY OFTEN *LAST* TO BE *PAID*?

ANSWER: HE WHOSE WORK IS NEVER FINISHED... WHOSE TIME IS ALWAYS YOURS .. WHO'LL CLIMB ENDLESS FLIGHTS OF STAIRS . PLOUGH THROUGH THE ICIEST DRIFTS... WORK FORTY-EIGHT SLEEPLESS HOURS AT A STRETCH TO SERVE YOUR NEEDS... TO EASE YOUR PAIN.. TO SAVE YOUR LIFE! THIS PERSON IS NO MYSTERY, NO PUZZLE, NO STRANGER! HE IS ACTUALLY THE MOST FAMILIAR, COMFORTING, IMPORTANT MAN IN YOUR LIFE! YOUR *FAMILY DOCTOR!*

THIS IS A BRIEF GLIMPSE OF *JUST SUCH* A DOCTOR AND *ONE* OF THE MANY FAMILIES HE SERVED. IT WAS EARLY EVENING ...

FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE, JIM SAUNDERS! AREN'T YOU GOING TO PAY *THIS* ONE? AT LEAST SEND *SOMETHING* ON ACCOUNT!

"*SOMETHING*" SHE SAYS! WHAT SHOULD I *SEND*? BUTTONS?! CLAM SHELLS?! SOMETHING IS *MONEY!* AND MONEY IS SOMETHING *I HAVEN'T GOT!*

ALL *I'VE* GOT ARE *THESE* '*BILLS*' *LOOK* AT 'EM! A *MOUNTAIN* OF EXPENSES .. AND AN *ANT HEAP* OF MONEY TO *PAY* 'EM WITH! WHAT SHOULD I *SEND* MY *LAST DOLLAR*? WHAT WILL WE *LIVE* ON?

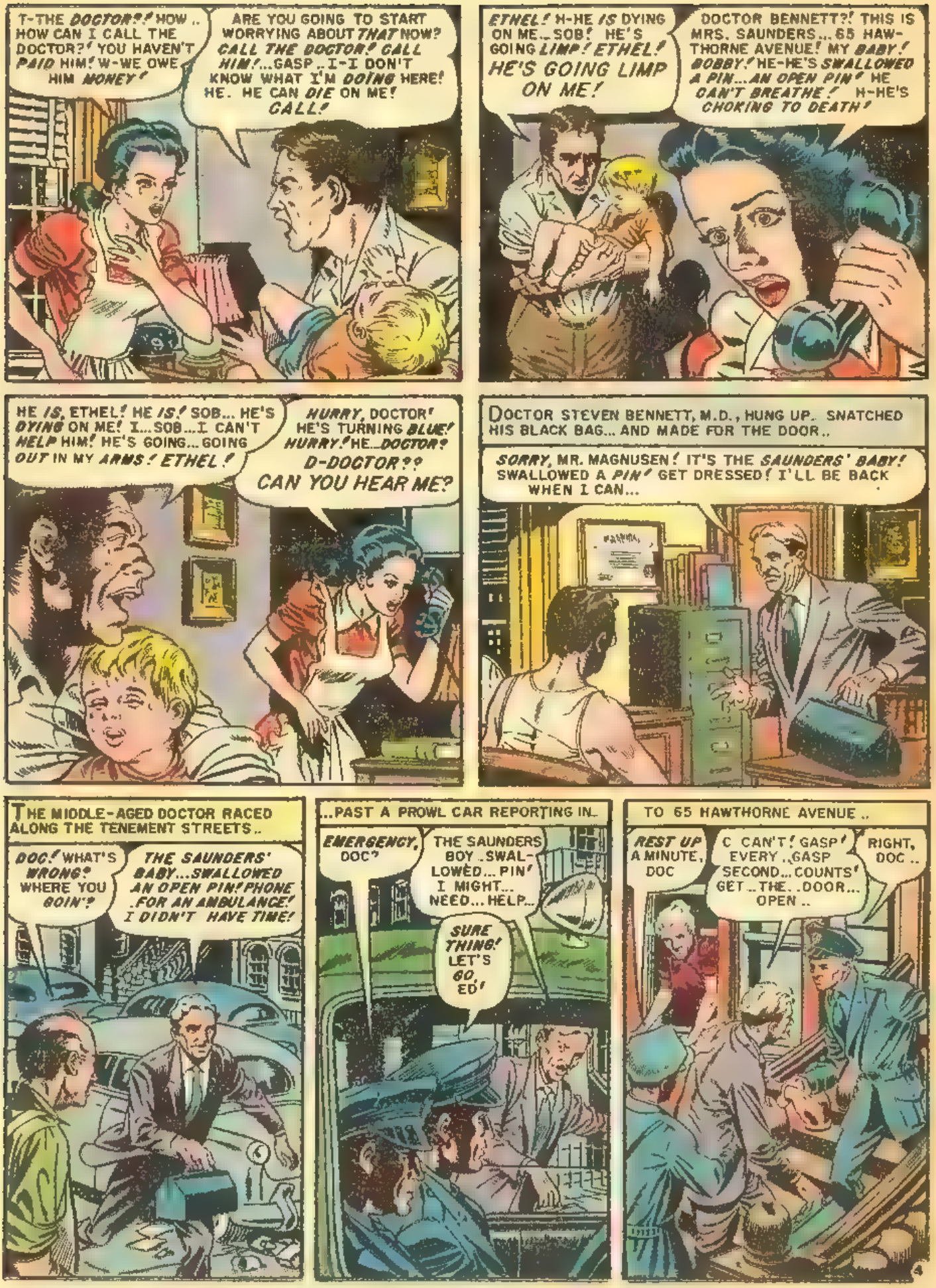
CALM DOWN! I DIDN'T *SAY* SEND YOUR *LAST* DOLLAR! YOU'VE MADE OUT A *DOZEN* CHECKS! WHY COULDN'T YOU WRITE *ONE* TO *DOCTOR BENNETT*?

WHY?! BEGAUSE HE CAN *WAIT*, THAT'S WHY! I GET A BILL FROM HIM EVERY TIME HE STICKS HIS NOSE IN THAT DOOR! IF I DON'T *PAY* THEM, HE *STILL* COMES WHEN I CALL HIM ..

BECAUSE HE'S *NICE* ENOUGH TO COME EVEN WHEN YOU *IGNORE* HIS BILLS!

I DON'T IGNORE HIS BILLS! I JUST THINK THERE ARE A FEW MORE DEBTS THAT ARE MORE IMPORTANT! I SAY HE DOESN'T NEED THE MONEY! DOCTORS MAKE A NICE PILE, THESE DAYS!
JIM SAUNDERS! I'M ASHAMED OF YOU!
WELL, IF HE WAS SORE ABOUT IT, OR IF HE NEEDED THE MONEY, HE'D LET ME KNOW ABOUT IT. HE WOULDN'T COME WHEN I CALL HIM!
THE REASON DR. BENNETT COMES EVEN THOUGH YOU OWE HIM MONEY... IS BECAUSE HE HAS A HEART! WHICH IS MORE THAN YOU'VE GOT!
WHO HASN'T GOT A HEART!? IT'S MONEY I HAVEN'T GOT! MONEY! M'. O'. N! E'. Y!
YOU COULD HAVE TAKEN A LITTLE OFF EACH OF THOSE PAYMENTS YOU'RE SENDING OUT AND PAY DOCTOR BENNET SOMETHING! THEN I WOULDN'T FEEL ASHAMED NEXT TIME I CALL HIM!
YEAH, WELL YOU WOULDN'T HAVE A PHONE TO CALL WITH IF I DIDN'T SEND 'EM A CHECK THE PHONE COMPANY DOESN'T WANT TO KNOW FROM NOTHING! DON'T PAY 'EM AND THEY'LL PULL THE THING OUT!
TELL ME SOMETHING, MR. FINANCIAL WIZARD WHERE WOULD YOU BE AT THE END OF THE WEEK IF YOUR BOSS DECIDED TO PAY ONLY THE PHONE BILL AND LET YOU GO HANG?!
DON'T BE CRAZY! I BELONG TO A UNION! WE GET PAID FIRST! OR ELSE! YOU THINK I'M NUTS?! YOU THINK I'D SWEAT OVER A MACHINE ALL DAY, AND GET PAID OFF IN PROMISES..!
EXACTLY! BUT YOU DON'T EVEN SEND PROMISES TO DOCTOR BENNETT! YOU DON'T EVEN ACKNOWLEDGE HIS STATEMENTS!
RIGHT! IT'S PART OF A MASTER PLAN! IF I DON'T PAY HIM, MAYBE HE'LL GET TIRED OF SENDING ME STATEMENTS! OKAY!? NOW LEAVE ME ALONE, WILL YOU? I'VE GOT ENOUGH HEADACHES WITHOUT YOU BENDING MY EAR...!
I'LL LEAVE YOU ALONE.. WHEN YOU SIT DOWN AND WRITE A CHECK TO DOCTOR BENNETT FOR $25.00!
THE CHECKS ARE ALL WRITTEN! I'VE GOT FIVE BUCKS LEFT IN THE ACCOUNT! BESIDES! WHO YOU GIVING ORDERS TO!
YOU! LET THE PAYMENT ON THE REFRIGERATOR GO TILL NEXT WEEK! WRITE THAT CHECK!
MA!
2

I WILL NOT! I SAID HE CAN WAIT AND HE CAN WAIT!
MA! COME QUICK!
GO AWAY AND LEAVE US ALONE, LAURIE! YOUR FATHER AND I ARE BUSY! NOW LISTEN, JIM .
I WILL NOT LISTEN! I AM THROUGH LISTENING! I ..
MA! IT'S BOBBY! SOB! HE'S CHOKING!
HE... WHAT!?
I...I THINK HE S-SWALLOWED A SAFETY PIN, MA! HE'S CHOKING! HE'S CHOKING!
JIM!
GOOD LORD!
THE PARENTS RUSHED FRANTICALLY TO THEIR CHILDREN'S BEDROOM. THE BOY, BOBBY, FOUR YEARS OLD, WAS WRITHING ON THE FLOOR, GAGGING. A PACKAGE OF SAFETY PINS WAS STREWN BESIDE HIM.
J-JIM! HE FOUND MY BOX OF PINS! DO SOMETHING!
ALL RIGHT! ALL RIGHT! DON'T GET EXCITED NOW! IT'LL BE ALL RIGHT, JIMMY BOY! TALK TO DADDY! WHAT DID YOU DO?
CHKKKHHH!
YOU FOOL! HE CAN'T EVEN SPEAK! HE'S GAGGING! TRY TO GET THE PIN! GET YOUR FINGER DOWN HIS THROAT!
LET ME ALONE! YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT! HERE! HOLD HIM! I'LL POUND HIS BACK!
C'MON, BOY! COUGH IT UP! C'MON! JIMMY! JIMMY!
POUND HIM HARDER! POUND HIM HARDER!
IT'S NOT WORKING! IT'S CAUGHT! THE PIN'S CAUGHT IN HIS THROAT! OH, LORD, JIM! WHAT'LL WE DO? WHAT'LL WE DO?
SHUT UP! SCREAMING WON'T HELP! GET THE DOCTOR ON THE PHONE!


T-THE DOCTOR?! HOW .. HOW CAN I CALL THE DOCTOR?! YOU HAVEN'T PAID HIM! W-WE OWE HIM MONEY!
ARE YOU GOING TO START WORRYING ABOUT THAT NOW? CALL THE DOCTOR! CALL HIM!...GASP..I-I DON'T KNOW WHAT I'M DOING HERE! HE. HE CAN DIE ON ME! CALL!
ETHEL! H-HE IS DYING ON ME...SOB! HE'S GOING LIMP! ETHEL! HE'S GOING LIMP ON ME!
DOCTOR BENNETT?! THIS IS MRS. SAUNDERS...65 HAWTHORNE AVENUE! MY BABY! BOBBY! HE-HE'S SWALLOWED A PIN...AN OPEN PIN! HE CAN'T BREATHE! H-HE'S CHOKING TO DEATH!
HE IS, ETHEL! HE IS! SOB... HE'S DYING ON ME! I...SOB...I CAN'T HELP HIM! HE'S GOING...GOING OUT IN MY ARMS! ETHEL!
HURRY, DOCTOR! HE'S TURNING BLUE! HURRY! HE...DOCTOR? D-DOCTOR?? CAN YOU HEAR ME?
DOCTOR STEVEN BENNETT, M.D., HUNG UP.. SNATCHED HIS BLACK BAG... AND MADE FOR THE DOOR..
SORRY, MR. MAGNUSEN! IT'S THE SAUNDERS' BABY! SWALLOWED A PIN! GET DRESSED! I'LL BE BACK WHEN I CAN...
THE MIDDLE-AGED DOCTOR RACED ALONG THE TENEMENT STREETS..
DOC! WHAT'S WRONG? WHERE YOU GOIN'?
THE SAUNDERS' BABY...SWALLOWED AN OPEN PIN! PHONE FOR AN AMBULANCE! I DIDN'T HAVE TIME!
...PAST A PROWL CAR REPORTING IN..
EMERGENCY, DOC?
THE SAUNDERS BOY..SWALLOWED... PIN! I MIGHT... NEED... HELP...
SURE THING! LET'S GO, ED!
TO 65 HAWTHORNE AVENUE ..
REST UP A MINUTE, DOC
C CAN'T! GASP! EVERY..GASP SECOND...COUNTS! GET..THE..DOOR... OPEN ..
RIGHT, DOC ..
4

N-HURRY, DOCTOR! HURRY! JIM TRIED STICKING HIS FINGER DOWN BOBBY'S THROAT! HE MADE IT WORSE!
GET HIM INTO THE KITCHEN, MRS SAUNDERS UNDER YOUR STRONGEST LIGHT!
THE BOY WAS BROUGHT INTO THE KITCHEN.
T-THIS KID IS BAD, DOC! HE'LL NEVER MAKE IT TO THE HOSPITAL!
OF COURSE HE WON'T! CAN'T YOU SEE HE'S PASSING OUT! HE'S DYING, I TELL YOU! DYING!
PLEASE, MR. SAUNDERS! PANIC WILL GET US NOWHERE! PUT HIM ON THE TABLE
YOU'RE RIGHT! WE CAN'T WAIT FOR THE AMBULANCE! THE CHILD IS CYANOTIC RIGHT NOW! MRS. SAUNDERS ..GET ME YOUR SHARPEST KITCHEN KNIFE! OFFICER ... DO YOU HAVE A FOUNTAIN PEN?
D-DOCTOR! WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO TO HIM?
THE BOY CANNOT BREATHE, MR. SAUNDERS! I'M GOING TO PERFORM A TRACHEOTOMY!
HERE!?
YES, HERE! THE KNIFE, MRS. SAUNDERS!? IS IT SHARP?
I, I CHOKE... I SHARPENED IT TONIGHT SOB
WE'VE GOT TO GO INTO HIS WIND PIPE .. BELOW THE PIN! WE'VE GOT TO OPEN IT UP SO HE CAN BREATHE!
WE... FOLLOW THE BOY'S BREAST BONE... UP TO THE NOTCH WHERE IT MEETS THE NECK...
THE NECK!? WON'T HE BLEED TO DEATH!?
NOT HERE! NOW... WE PUSH THROUGH THE WINDPIPE... THROUGH THE CARTILAGE... ESTABLISHING AN AIRWAY TO THE OUTSIDE.

THE INCISION WAS MADE.
THERE! NOW WE'VE GOT TO KEEP THAT INCISION OPEN! OFFICER? THAT FOUNTAIN PEN?
RIGHT HERE, DOC! BUT.
I'LL NEED THE CAP! TAKE THE KNIFE! CUT OFF THE CLOSED END!
GOT YOU, DOC
THE OFFICER WORKED SWIFTLY. THE DOCTOR INSERTED THE CAP INTO THE TRACHEA
THE OPENED CAP WILL SERVE AS A TUBE THROUGH WHICH AIR CAN MOVE EASILY DOWN INTO HIS LUNGS. IT WILL ALSO KEEP THE INCISION OPEN! NOW
THERE'S A TWEEZER IN MY BAG
GOT IT!
THE DOCTOR TOOK THE TWEEZERS
LUCKILY, THE INCISION IS JUST BELOW THE OPEN PIN! WE WON'T NEED A LARYNGOSCOPE OR BRONCHOSCOPE! I CAN GET TO IT WITH THESE
THERE WE ARE
HE HE GOT IT
LOOK! THE COLOR IS COMING BACK INTO HIS CHEEKS!
OH, DOCTOR! DOCTOR SOB..
THERE, THERE, MRS SAUNDERS! WE WERE LUCKY! HE'S GOING TO BE ALL RIGHT!
THREE MINUTES LATER, THE AMBULANCE ARRIVED. THE BOY WAS TAKEN TO THE HOSPITAL WHERE THE EMERGENCY TRACHEOTOMY WAS COMPLETED. AND THEN, ONE HOUR LATER..
DOC..I...I DON'T WANT TO MAKE ANY EXCUSES! I-I'M TOO ASHAMED OF MYSELF! BUT WELL HERE'S WHAT I OWED YOU UP TO TONIGHT! I KNOW IT'S BEEN A LONG TIME COMING, BUT..
BUT, NOTHING, MR SAUNDERS! I'M GLAD THE BOY'S ALL RIGHT! THAT'S PAYMENT ENOUGH FOR ME! I KNOW YOUR SITUATION PAY ME WHEN YOU CAN
THE DOCTOR WAVED AWAY THE CHECK AND MOVED DOWN THE CORRIDOR
AND NOW IF YOU'LL EXCUSE ME! I LEFT MR. MAGNUSEN IN THE MIDDLE OF AN EXAMINATION
GOOD-BYE DOCTOR! AND BLESS YOU
I ALWAYS SAY "YOU CAN NEVER REALLY PAY 'EM ENOUGH!"
BROTHER! YOU CAN SAY THAT AGAIN!
THE END

COMING ATTRACTIONS!

The Roman Arena! The French Revolution! Napoleon!

HERE IS A SCENE FROM ANOTHER OF E.C.'S "NEW DIRECTION" MAGS...

VALOR

THE OLD SWINEHERD LOOKED UP WITH HORROR AND AWE AS HIS TREMBLING HANDS WERE STRETCHED ACROSS A BOULDER AND HIS CHAINS WERE SHATTERED WITH THE BLOW OF A BATTLE-AXE...

M-MAJESTY!? YOU CALLED HIM "YOUR MAJESTY"!

AYE! HE IS ARTHUR OF AVALON!

THE SERF STOOD BREATHLESSLY.. UNCOMPREHENDINGLY...WATCHING THE KNIGHT AND HIS RETENUE RIDE OFF INTO THE MIST. AND HE NO LONGER WORE CHAINS...

ARTHUR...? ARTHUR OF AVALON...? KING ARTHUR!?

SCREAMING ACTION! BLAZING GUNS! EXPLODING FURY!

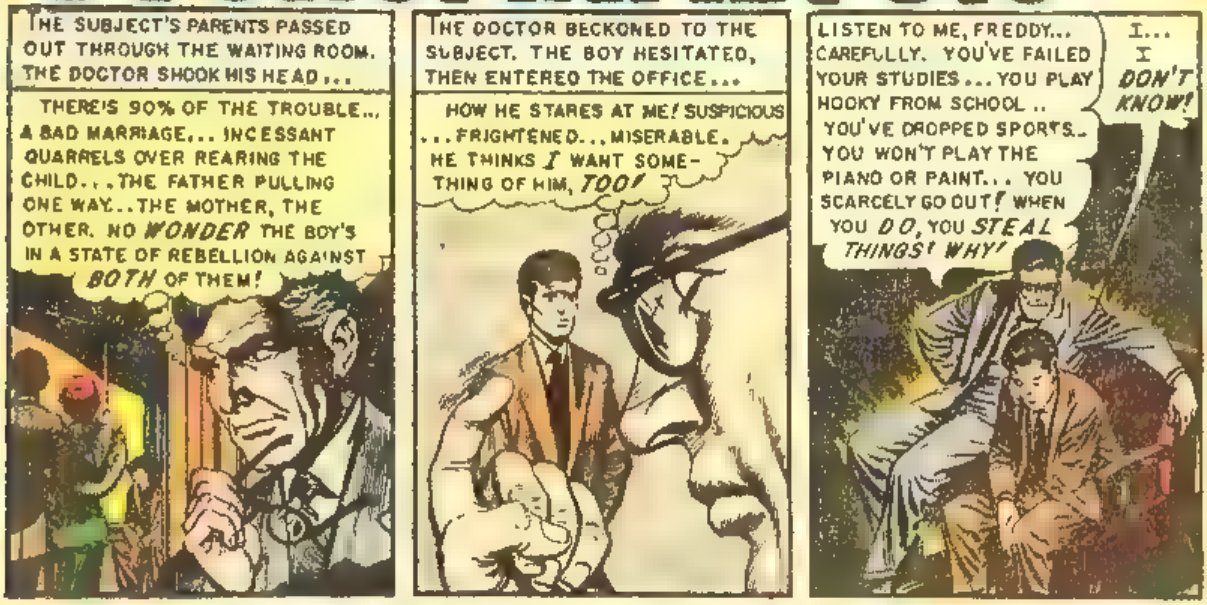
TAKE TO THE COMBAT SKIES IN E.C.'S "NEW DIRECTION" MAG...

ACES HIGH

YES, THAT'S HOW IT *WAS*. EVERY DAY, WE *GALLANTLY FOUGHT* A *GALLANT ENEMY*... *WITHOUT REALLY HATING HIM!* WE COULDN'T EVEN HATE THE JERRIES A COUPLE OF DAYS LATER, WHEN *IT* HAPPENED. THE C.O., COL. MIKE PEPPER, HAD LED EIGHTEEN OF US OVER *JAGSTAFFEL II'S* AIRDROME. WE'D DROPPED LOW OVER THE FIELD, BUZZING VON KRUESLING'S H.Q., "THROWING DOWN THE GAUNTLET"...

And now, the most revolutionary idea ever presented in comics! Discover the innermost secrets of people searching for peace of mind in E.C.'s "New Direction" mag...

PSYCHOANALYSIS


THE SUBJECT'S PARENTS PASSED OUT THROUGH THE WAITING ROOM. THE DOCTOR SHOOK HIS HEAD...
THERE'S 90% OF THE TROUBLE... A BAD MARRIAGE... INCESSANT QUARRELS OVER REARING THE CHILD... THE FATHER PULLING ONE WAY... THE MOTHER, THE OTHER. NO WONDER THE BOY'S IN A STATE OF REBELLION AGAINST BOTH OF THEM!
THE DOCTOR BECKONED TO THE SUBJECT. THE BOY HESITATED, THEN ENTERED THE OFFICE...
HOW HE STARES AT ME! SUSPICIOUS ...FRIGHTENED... MISERABLE. HE THINKS I WANT SOMETHING OF HIM, TOO!
LISTEN TO ME, FREDDY... CAREFULLY. YOU'VE FAILED YOUR STUDIES... YOU PLAY HOOKY FROM SCHOOL.. YOU'VE DROPPED SPORTS.. YOU WON'T PLAY THE PIANO OR PAINT... YOU SCARCELY GO OUT! WHEN YOU DO, YOU STEAL THINGS! WHY!
I... I DON'T KNOW!

AS MANY OF YOU KNOW, WE AT E.C. HAVE BEEN HARD AT WORK PREPARING A COMPLETELY NEW LINE OF MAGAZINES TO REPLACE THE ONES WE'VE DROPPED! AFTER MUCH HEAD-SCRATCHING, NAIL-BITING, AND BRAIN-RACKING... FOLLOWED BY PLENTY OF PENCILING, INKING, AND EDITING... WE ARE AT LAST READY TO UNVEIL OUR "NEW DIRECTION" MAGAZINES! TO AROUSE YOUR CURIOSITY, WE'VE PRESENTED THIS UNVEILING IN THE FORM OF COMING ATTRACTIONS! NOW YOU'VE SEEN THEM!

LOOK FOR THEM ON YOUR NEWSSTANDS!

IF YOU'D LIKE TO SUBSCRIBE TO ANY AND/OR ALL OF THESE "NEW DIRECTION" MAGS, FILL OUT THE COUPON BELOW, ENCLOSE $1.00 FOR EACH SUBSCRIPTION, AND MAIL TO...

ENTERTAINING COMICS
ROOM 706
225 LAFAYETTE STREET
N.Y.C. 12, N.Y.

PLEASE SEND ME 8 ISSUES OF THE MAGAZINE(S) I HAVE CHECKED. I ENCLOSE ONE DOLLAR ($1.00) FOR EACH SUBSCRIPTION.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ ZONE NO. ____

STATE _____

☐ IMPACT ☐ ACES HIGH
☐ VALOR ☐ PSYCHOANALYSIS
☐ EXTRA! ☐ MAD ☐ PANIC ☐ PIRACY

THE ANTIDOTE

DIAGNOSIS: [illegible] PROCEDURE: [illegible]

YOUR NAME IS WILLIAM T ANDERS YOU'RE A DOCTOR, AN M D. YOU GET HOME JUST BEFORE MIDNIGHT. IT'S BEEN A LONG DAY YOUR EVENING CALLS HAVE BEEN LONGER THAN THEY NORMALLY DO, AND YOU STILL HAVE THAT APPOINTMENT AT THE HOSPITAL. BUT THE MAN WHO IS WAITING FOR YOU WHEN YOU STEP FROM YOUR CAR IS NOT CONCERNED WITH ALL THAT. HIS FACE GLEAMS PALE AND TENSE IN THE DARKNESS AS HE RUNS TOWARD YOU, AND HIS WORDS ARE THE CLARION CALL THAT THE M D. HEARS SO OFTEN THE PLEA WHICH YOUR HIPPOCRATIC OATH BINDS YOU NEVER TO IGNORE

IT'S MY BOY DANNY! I TRIED TO CALL YOU SEVERAL TIMES, BUT ALL I GOT WAS YOUR ANSWERING SERVICE...SO I CAME OVER! I'VE BEEN WAITING! WE'VE GOT TO HURRY!

YOU KNOW THE MAN. JAMES BORDEN. YOU TREAT HIS WIFE AND SON FOR MINOR AILMENTS. BUT TONIGHT.. IT'S JUST IMPOSSIBLE! YOU HAVE ANOTHER COMMITMENT.

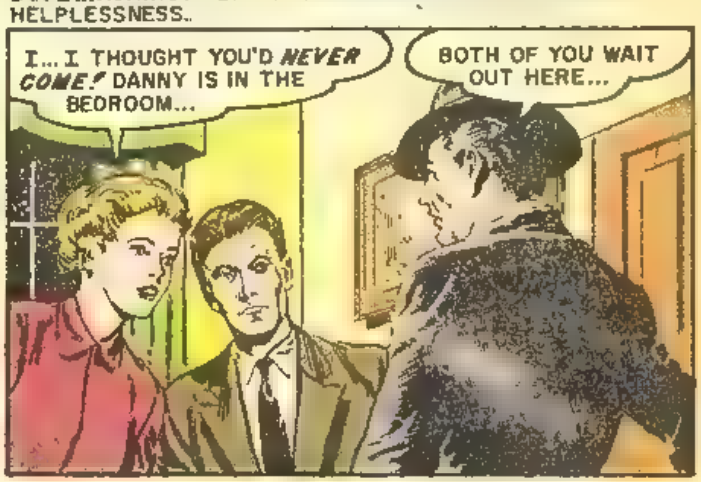
YOU DON'T *UNDERSTAND!* I HAVE AN APPOINTMENT AT THE *HOSPITAL* IN A FEW MINUTES... WITH A *NEUROSURGEON!* HE'S *FLYING IN* ESPECIALLY TO OPERATE ON A PATIENT...
I DON'T *CARE* ABOUT YOUR OTHER PATIENTS! THIS IS MY *SON* I'M TALKING ABOUT!

I CAN APPRECIATE YOUR *CONCERN*, MR. BORDEN. I'M *SORRY!* I'LL CALL *ANOTHER DOCTOR* FOR YOU.
NO! MY WIFE WANTS *YOU!* SHE HAS *CONFIDENCE* IN YOU! DOCTOR, *PLEASE!* WE'RE *WASTING TIME!* HOW CAN YOU BE SO *HEARTLESS?!*

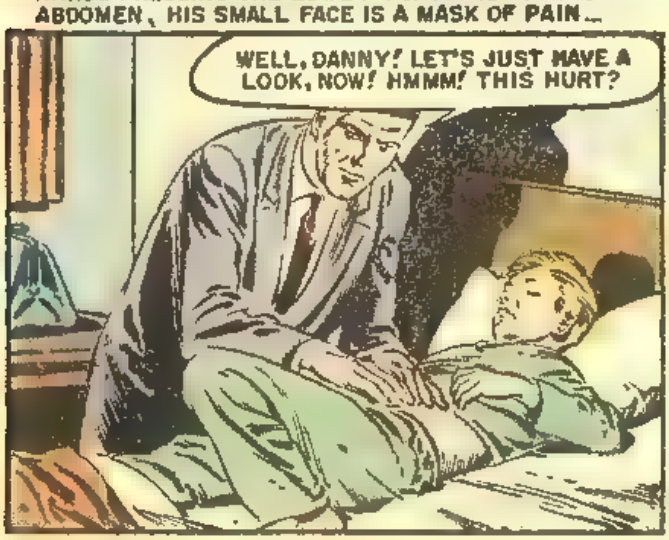
HEARTLESS?! IT'S TAKEN A WEEK TO ARRANGE TO HAVE ALLISTER FLY IN FROM CHICAGO. AND BRAIN SURGERY IS ALWAYS DANGEROUS. YOU'LL PROBABLY BE IN CONSULTATION WITH ALLISTER HALF THE NIGHT. BUT MR. BORDEN DOESN'T KNOW THAT

YOU HURRY INTO YOUR OFFICE JUST LONG ENOUGH TO PICK UP THE X-RAY PLATES YOU'VE BEEN STUDYING FOR A WEEK. ALLISTER WILL NEED THEM. THEN, YOU GO..

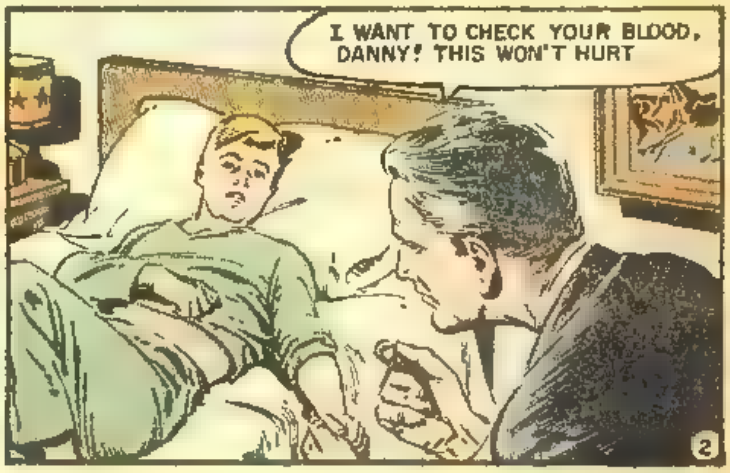
PEOPLE ARE ALWAYS THE SAME. WHEN YOU COME INTO THEIR HOMES, YOU CAN ALMOST SEE THEM RELAX. LIKE MRS. BORDEN. THE DOCTOR IS HERE AT LAST. NOW, EVERYTHING WILL BE ALL RIGHT. THE DOCTOR IS THE *ANTIDOTE*...AGAINST FEAR...AGAINST UNCERTAINTY...AGAINST HELPLESSNESS..



THE BOY LIES WITH HIS LEGS DRAWN UP AND HIS HANDS PRESSING THE LOWER RIGHT HALF OF HIS ABDOMEN, HIS SMALL FACE IS A MASK OF PAIN...



THE SYMPTOMS ARE ALMOST CLASSIC. ABDOMINAL RIGIDITY. TEMPERATURE: 101, REBOUND TENDERNESS, PAIN WHEN PRESSURE ON ABDOMEN IS APPLIED AND WITHDRAWN. YOU REMOVE THE STERILE NEEDLE FROM YOUR BAG AND TAKE THE BOY'S THUMB...



YOU TAKE A B C ON THE SPOT. THE WHITE BLOOD CELL COUNT IS BETTER THAN 12,000 NOT TOO HIGH, BUT NOT NORMAL THAT DOES IT

DOCTOR! WHAT *IS* IT?

ACUTE APPENDICITIS! WE'LL HAVE TO *OPERATE!* IF THE APPENDIX RUPTURES, PERITONITIS INFLAMATION OF THE ABDOMINAL MEMBRANE... FOLLOWS! IT CAN BE *FATAL!*

YOU PULL NO PUNCHES NOW IT'S ALWAYS BEST FOR THE PATIENT TO KNOW THE FACTS YOU CALL THE HOSPITAL, AND YOU'RE IN LUCK

YOU *HAVE* A VACANT BED? *GOOD!* SEND AN AMBULANCE TO 463 LOCUST DRIVE. HAVE AN O R MADE READY. APPENDECTOMY! SEE IF YOU CAN REACH *LOWE* FOR *ANAESTHESIA* AND *MURROW* FOR *SURGERY!*

MURROW?! DOCTOR, I . I THOUGHT *YOU'D* OPERATE!

I'M NOT A *SURGEON*, MRS BORDEN! BUT THERE'S *NO* NEED TO WORRY! *DOCTOR MURROW* IS A *GOOD MAN!*

BUT *YOU'LL* BE THERE?! DOCTOR, IF *YOU'RE* THERE I *KNOW* MY BOY WILL BE ALL RIGHT! *SAY* YOU'LL *BE* THERE!

I EXPLAINED TO YOUR *HUSBAND*, MRS BORDEN! I HAVE *ANOTHER CASE* AT THE HOSPITAL AND I'M EXPECTING A *SPECIALIST*

YOU TRY TO EXPLAIN, BUT YOU SEE HOW MR BORDEN LOOKS AT YOU. IF YOU TELL HIM THAT YOUR APPOINTMENT IS A MATTER OF LIFE AND DEATH, WILL THAT MATTER TO HIM? YOU SHRUG

ALL RIGHT, MRS BORDEN. *I'LL BE THERE!*

THE AMBULANCE ARRIVES IN MINUTES. THE BORDENS RIDE WITH THEIR SON AND YOU FOLLOW. THE SCREAMING SIREN RASPS ON YOUR NERVES

YOU'RE TIRED DEATHLY TIRED. AND YOU'RE WORRIED. WHAT IF ALLISTER SHOULD ARRIVE TOO LATE?! WHAT IF HE DOESN'T EVEN MAKE IT?! BUT THEN YOU'RE AT "EMERGENCY" AND THERE'S NO TIME FOR WORRYING

I CHECKED WITH THE PARENTS, DOCTOR! THE BOY HASN'T *EATEN* SINCE *NOON!*

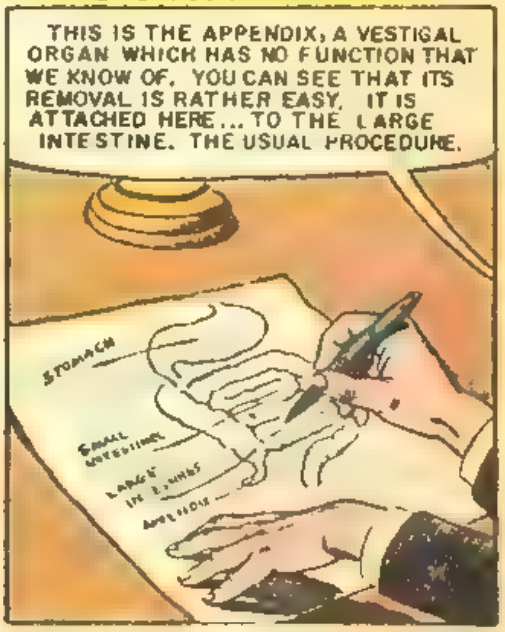
GOOD! THEN WE WON'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT THE ANAETHESIA BRINGING ON *EXCESS NAUSEA!* CHECK HIM IN AND HAVE HIM PREPARED!

PRE-OPERATIVE HOSPITAL ROUTINE WILL READY THE BOY FOR SURGERY. BUT IT WILL TAKE A LITTLE TIME. SO YOU LEAD HIS PARENTS UPSTAIRS TO A WAITING ROOM...

YOU CAN WAIT *HERE* WITH YOUR WIFE, MR. BORDEN. IT WON'T TAKE LONG! JUST TRY NOT TO *WORRY!*
DOCTOR ANDREWS, WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO *DO* TO DANNY?

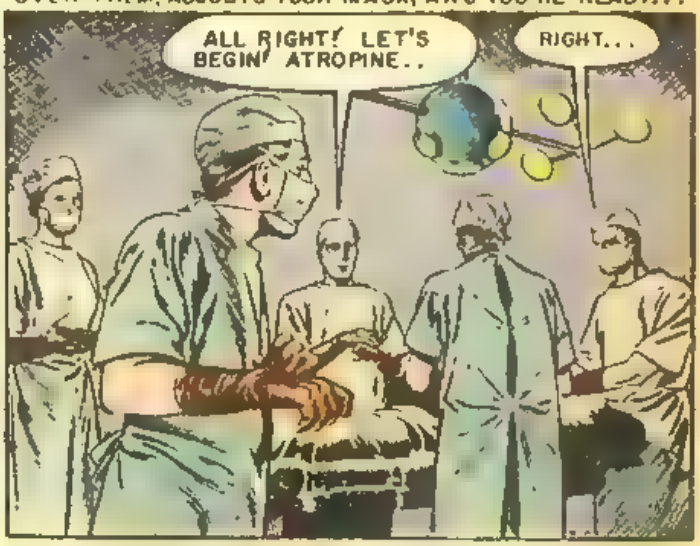
WE'RE GOING TO *HELP* HIM, MRS. BORDEN. AND THERE'S NOTHING TO BE *AFRAID* OF, *BELIEVE* ME! SURGERY IS *ALWAYS* SERIOUS, BUT AN *APPENDECTOMY* IS RATHER A *SIMPLE* OPERATION. *HERE*...I'LL *SHOW* YOU...

YOU SKETCH HASTILY. IT'S ALWAYS BEST TO EXPLAIN. REMOVE THE MYSTERY AND YOU REMOVE MOST OF THE FEAR...

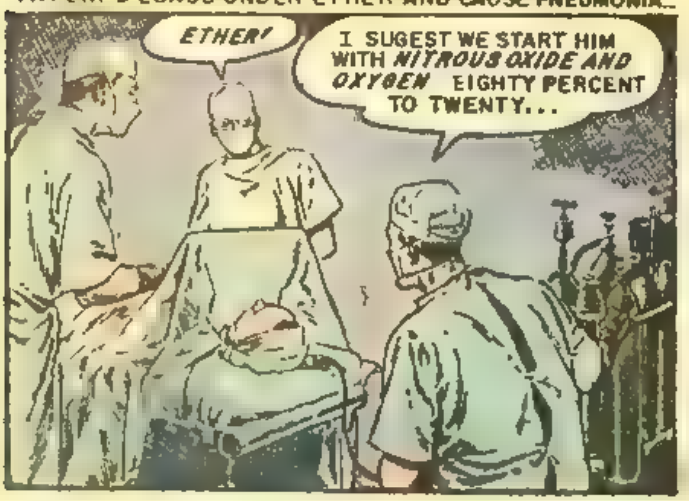

THIS IS THE APPENDIX, A VESTIGAL ORGAN WHICH HAS NO FUNCTION THAT WE KNOW OF. YOU CAN SEE THAT ITS REMOVAL IS RATHER EASY. IT IS ATTACHED HERE... TO THE LARGE INTESTINE. THE USUAL PROCEDURE.
STOMACH
SMALL INTESTINE
LARGE INTESTINE
APPENDIX

YOU EXPLAIN, BUT YOU DO IT QUICKLY. THEN YOU HURRY UPSTAIRS. THE OTHERS ARE ALREADY IN THE O.R. WHEN YOU ARRIVE...

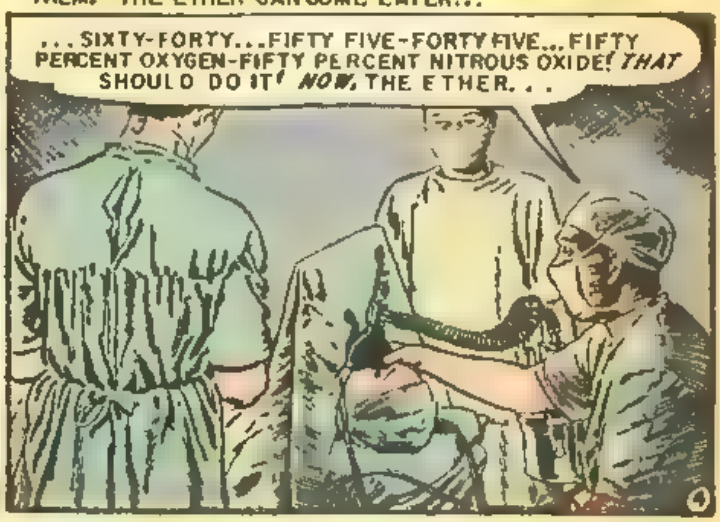
YOU SCRUB YOUR HANDS AND FOREARMS STERILE. THE NURSE POWDERS YOUR HANDS, SNAPS SURGICAL GLOVES OVER THEM, ADJUSTS YOUR MASK, AND YOU'RE READY...



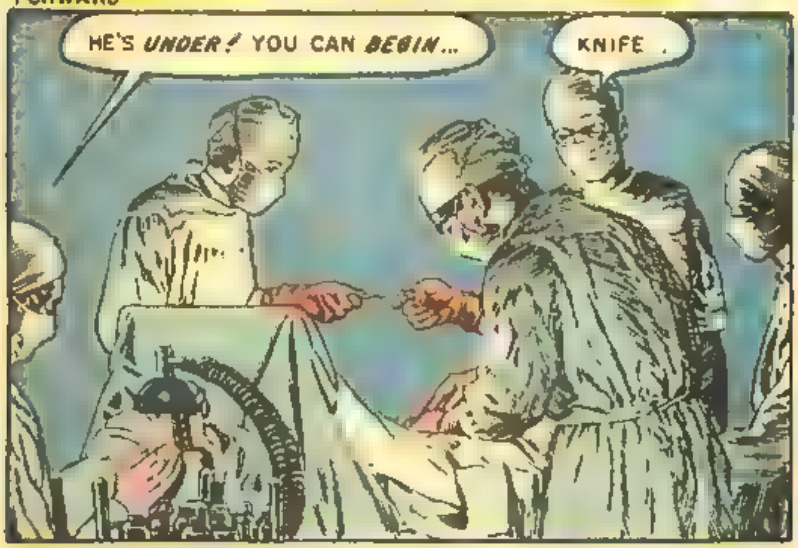
DR. LOWE, THE ANAESTHESIOLOGIST, MAKES THE INJECTION EXPERTLY. FOUR TENTHS OF A GRAIN OF ATROPINE, TO ARREST SALIVATION. EXCESS SALIVA CAN CLOG THE PATIENT'S LUNGS UNDER ETHER AND CAUSE PNEUMONIA.



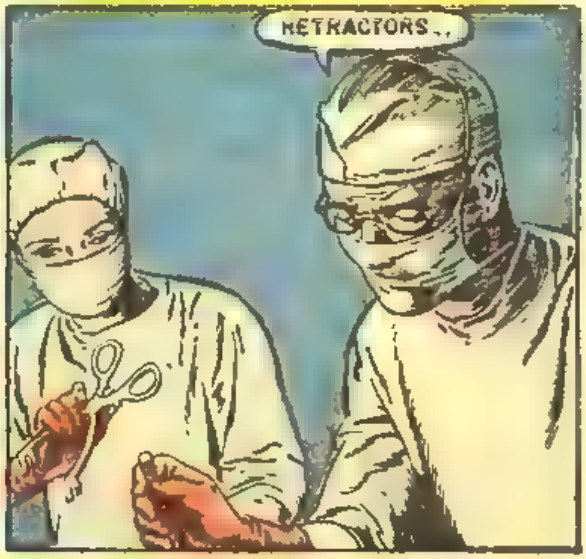
YOU NOD APPROVINGLY. OXIDE AND OXYGEN ARE LESS UNPLEASANT THAN ETHER. THE PATIENT DOESN'T FIGHT THEM. THE ETHER CAN COME LATER...



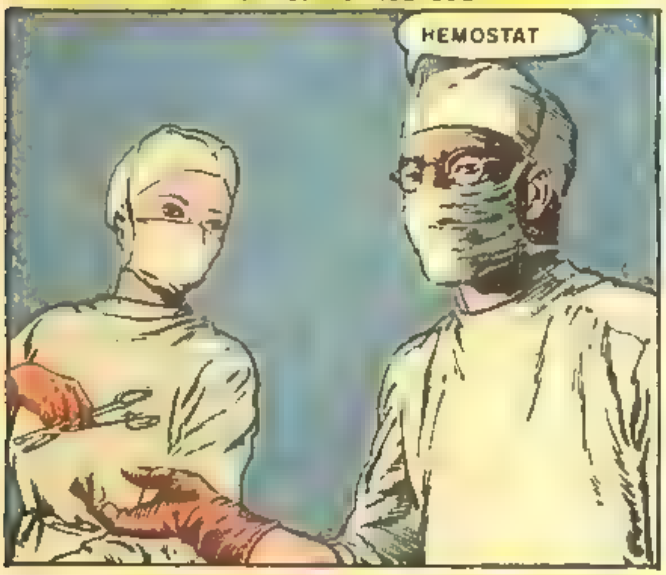
WHEN THE OXIDE-OXYGEN MIXTURE EQUALIZES, LOWE SWITCHES TO ETHER. THE R N SWABS THE OPERATIVE AREA WITH DISINFECTANT. THE TRAY OF STERILIZED INSTRUMENTS IS ROLLED FORWARD



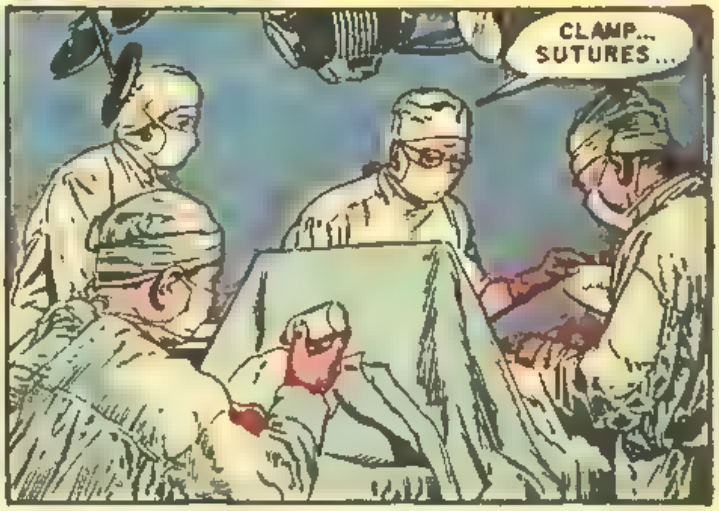
THE SCALPEL SLAPS AGAINST MURROW'S GLOVED HAND ONE SURE DEFT STROKE..THEN ANOTHER



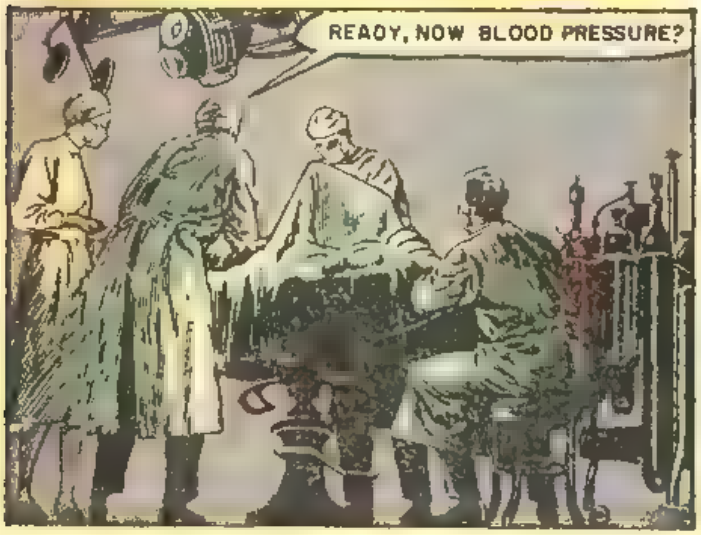
THE SURGEON S ASSISTANT PLACES THE RETRACTORS TO HOLD THE INCISION OPEN. THE APPENDIX IS VISIBLE NOW INFLAMED DANGEROUS



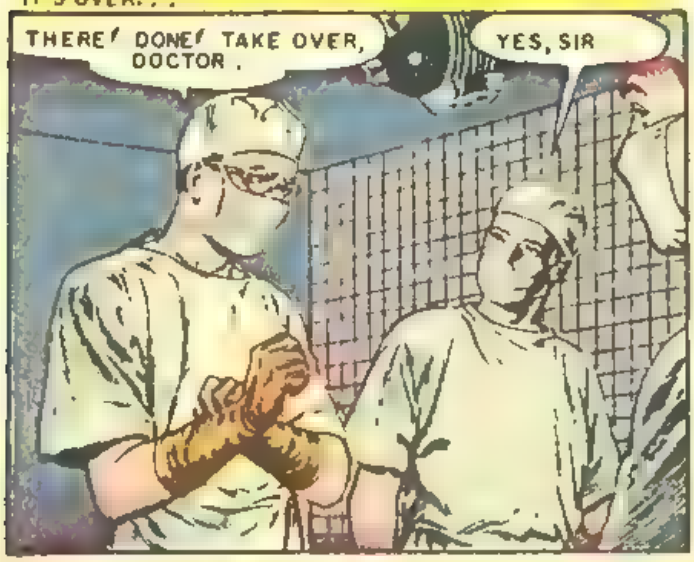
WHILE MURROW WORKS, THE ANAESTHESIOLOGIST CAREFULLY DRIPS ETHER ONTO THE LARGE GAUZE PAD OVER THE PATIENT'S NOSE AND MOUTH, HE ALSO CONTINUOUSLY CHECK'S DANNY'S BLOOD PRESSURE WITH A SPHYGMOMANOMETER



THE APPENDICIAL ARTERY IS CLAMPED, CLOSE TO THE INTESTINE. THE SUTURES ARE STITCHED JUST ABOVE WHERE THE APPENDIX AND THE INTESTINE MEET, AND LEFT LOOSE

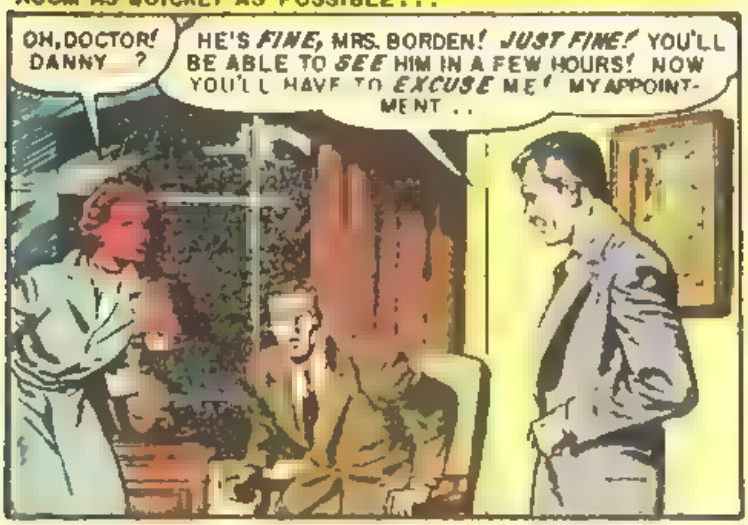


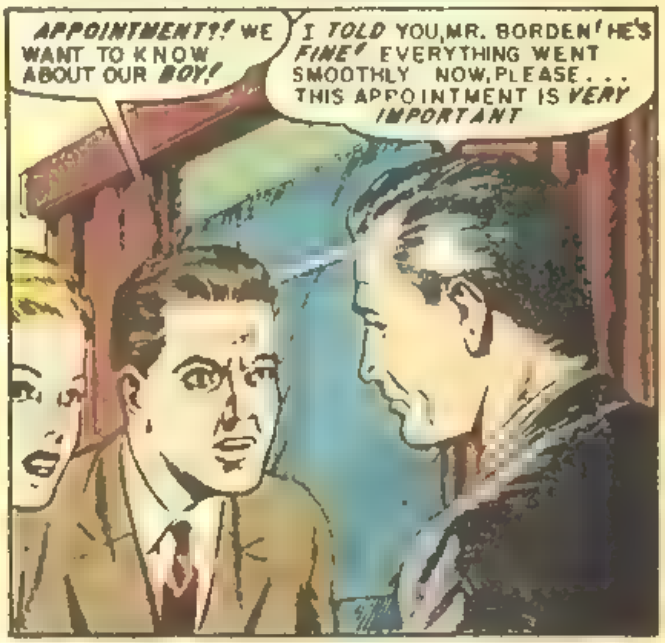
YOU'RE JUST STANDING BY, BUT YOU WATCH CLOSELY. MURROW IS A SKILLED SURGEON. HIS TECHNIQUE IS EXCELLENT. THE APPENDIX IS CLAMPED OFF, CUT, AND IT'S OVER...

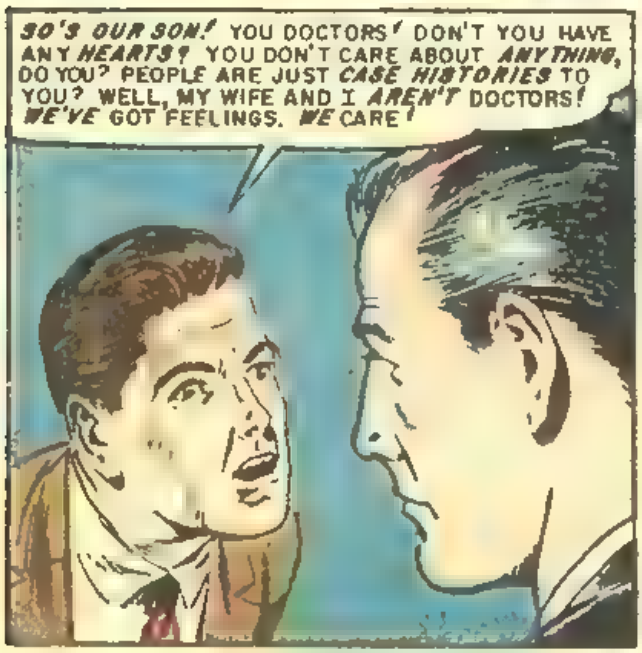


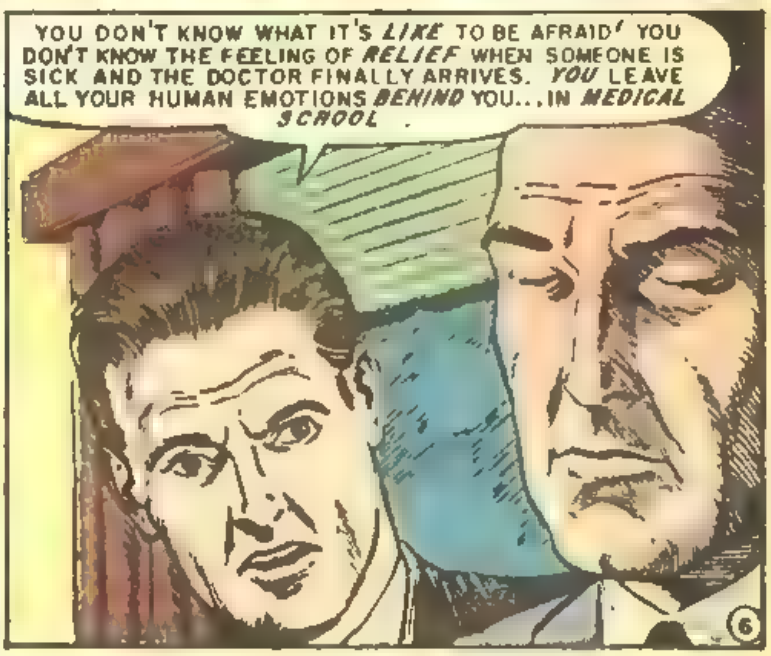
IT IS THE ASSISTANT WHO DRAWS THE LOOSE SUTURES TIGHT AND TIES THEM OFF, AND CLOSES THE INCISION. TWENTY ODD MINUTES HAVE PASSED. YOU FOLLOW MURROW OUT OF THE O R. THERE'LL BE PATHOLOGICAL LAB TESTS LATER, BUT YOU'RE NOT WORRIED. THE APPENDIX HAD BEEN INFLAMED BUT IT HAD NOT RUPTURED...

MURROW KNOWS HOW GRATEFUL YOU ARE. YOU DON'T HAVE TO SAY IT. YOU GO BACK TO THINKING ABOUT YOUR APPOINTMENT WITH ALLISTER. YOU HURRY TO THE WAITING ROOM... TO THE BORDENS. YOU WANT TO GET TO THE CONSULTING ROOM AS QUICKLY AS POSSIBLE...


OH, DOCTOR! DANNY ?
HE'S *FINE*, MRS. BORDEN! *JUST FINE!* YOU'LL BE ABLE TO *SEE* HIM IN A FEW HOURS! NOW YOU'LL HAVE TO *EXCUSE* ME! MY APPOINTMENT..

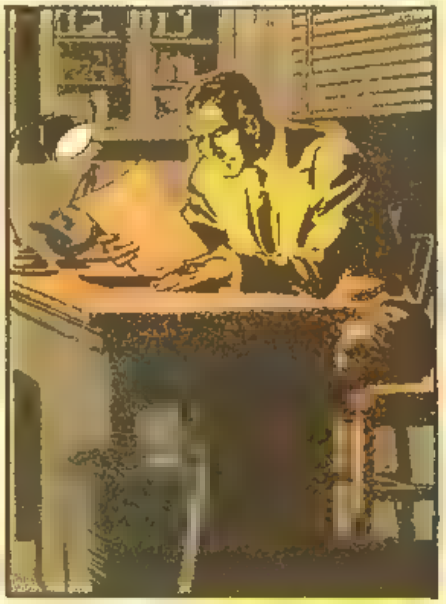

APPOINTMENT?! WE WANT TO KNOW ABOUT OUR *BOY!*
I *TOLD* YOU, MR. BORDEN! HE'S *FINE!* EVERYTHING WENT SMOOTHLY NOW, PLEASE... THIS APPOINTMENT IS *VERY IMPORTANT*


SO'S OUR SON! YOU DOCTORS! DON'T YOU HAVE ANY *HEARTS?* YOU DON'T CARE ABOUT *ANYTHING*, DO YOU? PEOPLE ARE JUST *CASE HISTORIES* TO YOU? WELL, MY WIFE AND I *AREN'T* DOCTORS! *WE'VE* GOT FEELINGS. *WE* CARE!


YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT IT'S *LIKE* TO BE AFRAID! YOU DON'T KNOW THE FEELING OF *RELIEF* WHEN SOMEONE IS SICK AND THE DOCTOR FINALLY ARRIVES. *YOU* LEAVE ALL YOUR HUMAN EMOTIONS *BEHIND* YOU... IN *MEDICAL SCHOOL*.

BORDEN RAVES ON AND ON, IT'S JUST NERVES RELIEF FROM TENSION BLOWING OFF STEAM. TOMORROW, HE'LL PROBABLY CALL TO APOLOGIZE BUT, YOU HAVE NO TIME FOR HIS HYSTERICS NOW. ALLISTER IS WAITING

YOU CHECK AT THE DESK, ALLISTER HASN'T ARRIVED YET. SO YOU WAIT IN THE CONSULTATION ROOM. YOU CHECK AND RE-CHECK THE PLATES YOU BROUGHT FROM YOUR OFFICE..



A BRAIN TUMOR DOES NOT REGISTER ON AN X-RAY PLATE. BUT THE DEPRESSION. WHERE THE TUMOR IS PRESSING AGAINST THE BRAIN TISSUE.. IS PERFECTLY CLEAR. WHEN THE DOOR OPENS, YOU'RE SHAKING YOUR HEAD .

NEITHER YOU NOR ALLISTER WASTE TIME. THIS IS AN EMERGENCY. THAT'S WHY HE'S FLOWN IN. YOU BRING OUT YOUR WORK-UP ON THE PATIENT . HAND ALLISTER THE PLATES . AND SIT BACK AND WAIT

YOU'RE TIRED... WORRIED.. TENSED UP. BUT THEN, DOCTOR ALLISTER SMILES.. AND THE TENSION SEEMS TO FLOW OUT OF YOU...

WHAT WAS IT BORDEN HAD SAID... ABOUT THE RELIEF WHEN THE DOCTOR FINALLY COMES? IT'S SO WONDERFUL TO BE ABLE TO RELAX... TO BE ABLE TO SIT BACK, KNOWING THAT SOMEONE ELSE WILL HANDLE THINGS NOW, SOMEONE YOU CAN TRUST... TO KNOW THAT YOUR DOCTOR HAS ARRIVED .. AT LAST.

MEN-WOMEN-BOYS-GIRLS

PRIZES GIVEN

MAKE MONEY TOO!

RADIO

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- ☐ Sporting Equipment
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- ☐ Electric Toaster
- ☐ Portable Radio
- ☐ .....

Please rush full facts on how to make the money, and sample kit of assortments ON FREE TRIAL.

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You Practice SERVICING with Kits I Send You

Nothing takes the place of PRACTICAL EXPERIENCE. That's why NRI training is based on LEARNING BY DOING. You use parts I send to build many circuits common to Radio and Television. With my Servicing Course you build the modern Radio shown at left. You build a Multitester and use it to help make $10, $15 a week fixing sets in spare time while training. All equipment is yours to keep. Coupon below will bring book of important facts. It shows other equipment you build.

You Practice BROADCASTING with Kits I Send You

As part of my Communications Course I send you parts to build low-power Broadcasting Transmitter at left. Use it to get practical experience. You put this station "on the air" . . . perform procedures demanded of broadcasting station operators. An FCC Commercial Operator's License can be your ticket to a bright future. My Communications Course trains you to get your license. Mail coupon. Book shows other equipment you build for practical experience.

I Will Train You at Home in Spare Time to be a RADIO-TELEVISION Technician

TELEVISION

Making Jobs, Prosperity

25 million homes have Television sets now. Thousands more sold every week. Trained men needed to make, install, service TV sets. About 200 television stations on the air. Hundreds more being built. Good job opportunities here for qualified technicians, operators, etc.

J. E. SMITH, President
National Radio Institute
Washington, D. C.

Our 40th Year

America's Fast Growing Industry Offers You Good Pay, Success

Training PLUS opportunity is the PERFECT COMBINATION for job security, advancement. When times are good, the trained man makes the BETTER PAY, gets PROMOTED. When jobs are scarce, the trained man enjoys GREATER SECURITY. NRI training can help assure you and your family more of the better things of life. Radio is bigger than ever with over 3,000 broadcasting stations and more than 115 MILLION sets in use, and Television is moving ahead fast.

N.R.I. Training Leads to Good Jobs Like These

I TRAINED THESE MEN

"Am transmitter-studio operator at KPAT. Most important day of my life was when I enrolled with NRI."—Elmer Frewaldt, Madison, S. Dakota.

"Made my first $100 from spare time work before I finished my course. Now I average better than $10 a week, spare time."—Frank Borer, Lorain, Ohio.

"I've come a long way in Radio and Television since graduating. Have my own business on Main Street."—Joe Travers, Asbury Park, New Jersey

"I didn't know a thing about Radio. Now have a good job as Studio Engineer at KMMJ."—Bill Delzell, Central City, Nebraska

BROADCASTING Chief Technician, Chief Operator, Power Monitor, Recording Operator, Remote Control Operator. SERVICING: Home and Auto Radios, Television Receivers, FM Radios, P.A. Systems. IN RADIO PLANTS: Design Assistant, Technician, Tester, Serviceman, Service Manager. SHIP AND HARBOR RADIO: Chief Operator, Radio-Telephone Operator. GOVERNMENT RADIO: Operator in Army, Navy, Marine Corps, Forestry Service Dispatcher, Airways Radio Operator. AVIATION RADIO: Transmitter Technician, Receiver Technician, Airport Transmitter Operator. TELEVISION: Pick-up Operator, Television Technician, Remote Control Operator.

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My training is practical, complete, is backed by 40 years of success training men at home. My well-illustrated lessons give you basic principles you need and my skillfully developed kits of parts "bring to life" things you learn from the lessons. I start sending you special booklets that show you how to fix sets the day you enroll. Multitester you build with my parts helps you discover and correct set troubles, helps you make money fixing neighbors' sets in spare time while training. Many make $10, $15 a week extra this way.

Mail Coupon — Find Out What Radio-Television Offer You

Act now to get more of the good things of life. I send actual lesson to prove NRI home training is practical, thorough. My 64-page book "How to be a Success in Radio-Television" shows what my graduates are doing and earning. It gives important facts about your opportunities in Radio-Television. Take NRI training for as little as $5 a month. Many graduates make more than the total cost of my training in two weeks. Mail coupon now to J. E. SMITH, President, Dept. 5B01, National Radio Institute, Washington 9, D. C. Our 40th year.

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- Always tired?
- Nervous?
- Lacking in confidence?
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- Do you want to lose or gain weight?

WHAT TO DO ABOUT IT is told in my FREE BOOK

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"I gained 11 lbs. and 4¼ inches on my chest, 3 inches on my arms. I am never constipated."
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"Gained 29 lbs. When I started your course I weighed only 141. Now I weigh 170."
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—E. M., Conn.

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CHARLES ATLAS, DEPT. *164N*,
115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N. Y.

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(Check as many as you like)

- ☐ More Weight—Solid—In The Right Places
- ☐ Broader Chest and Shoulders
- ☐ More Powerful Arms and Grip
- ☐ Slimmer Waist and Hips
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- ☐ Better Sleep, More Energy

Send me absolutely FREE a copy of your famous book "Everlasting Health and Strength"—32 pages, crammed with photographs, answers to vital health questions, and valuable advice. I understand this book is mine to keep and sending for it does not obligate me in any way.

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☐ If under 14 years of age check for Booklet A.